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## A DAY IN THE SALZKAMMERGUT.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A STUDENT.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1850: This has been a day of ten thousand: bright, but not too warm; the dust laid by a heavy fall of rain last night, the scenery more than usually beautiful, and the 'incidents of travel' of a nature to distinguish it in an especial manner. It was spent in an excursion to the romantic water-fall of Golling; and in returning, in a visit to the salt-mines of Hallein. This latter is an excursion which should, on no account, be omitted by visitors to Salzburg, as it is undoubtedly a great curiosity, both natural and artificial. The rain had all cleared away when we left the Erzherzog Carl, at six o'clock. The sky was clear, the wind a little '*snell*;' but we had our wrappers with us, and set the cold at defiance. The first object of remark is the enormous breadth of the winter course of the Salzach, as compared with its summer volume. Wherever this is seen, it is proof positive that it is a stream rising in springs, and not of glacier origin: these latter—as, for instance, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Inn, the Aar, the Ticino, the Adige, the Po, etc.,—are larger in summer than in winter, owing to the melting of the superficial snows and lower edges of the glaciers. The Traun, the Salzach, the Elbe, the Danube as far as Passau, are, on the contrary, most full in winter. Passing to the right bank, by a bridge right under the walls of the castle, which in many points strongly resembles that of Edinburgh, we enter a really magnificent avenue, a mile and three-quarters long, of trees of all kinds, which may vie with any to be seen elsewhere. Some of the oaks and elms must be several hundred years old. In the spaces between the trees, we caught glimpses of the Capucenberg and Breitstein, overhanging the city; and in the distance, to the south, the Steinernberg and the edge of the glacier of the Steinernmeer, at the foot of which lie Golling and the water-fall.

Here we are reminded of our being in an Alpine country, by the difficulty of judging correctly of distance. The Steinernberg looked five miles off, but was, in reality, sixteen miles distant, in a direct line. The

Capucinberg, in like manner, seemed about a mile distant: it is five miles on the other side of the town. Its bare, blasted peak of naked rock again gave the singular contrast, so often observed in the Salzkammergut, of the richest vegetation below, and sublime, weather-worn, bald crags above. We now cross several small branches of the Salzach; dry beds, which are filled up in winter. In some places it looks more like a lake drained dry, so wide is it, and fringed with willows and lofty trees. Every hundred yards or so are crucifixes, some of them remarkably well executed. The people here, but more especially the females, are very subject to tooth-ache; and nothing is more common than to see pretty girls with their faces bandaged up, and almost all their teeth gone. We now get to the left bank, and skirt the foot of the Dürrenberg, in the heart of which are the salt-mines, of which more anon. A quantity of black smoke and steam, and barrel-manufactories, now announce our approach to Hallein, the capital of the working district of Salzburg province. The inhabitants, about five thousand in number, are almost all engaged, one way or another, in the salt-trade: there is likewise a brewery here, but on so small a scale, that it can scarcely be said to be one of the resources of the people. After a decent breakfast in a very dirty '*speise-saal*,' and having provided ourselves with a permit for the mines, against our return at two o'clock, we started for Golling, seven miles farther, the road crossing once more to the right bank, and keeping at the foot of the mountains.

The Watzman, eight thousand feet high, overhanging the next valley (Berchtesgaden) west of Golling, now comes into view, and a peep at the glacier on his shoulder is also obtained. The Steinernberg, however, still continues the prominent object. It towers to a height of nine thousand feet above the sea, and eight thousand above the valley. This is on our right hand. Before us is a range of tolerably high Alps, through which runs the celebrated pass of Lueg. At last Golling is reached, lying at the mouth of a valley prettily wooded, and having a small water-fall of its own, some thirty feet in height, at which is, of course, a '*Gasthaus*.' The fall is two miles from the village, on the other side of the river, which is crossed by a precarious-looking bridge, very loosely constructed, and over which the car jolts in a manner that makes one sweat at having to return over it. The planks are not nailed down, and it is so narrow that there is no passing another vehicle, and to turn or back is equally impossible; so that, if an ox-cart have planted foot on it, you must wait patiently some ten minutes, while the two tardy brutes, the ox and the man, (the latter with the invariable red umbrella over his head,) shall have jolted across. Corn-fields are traversed, and the road passes a very ancient church, until within five minutes' walk of the fall. The stream, which is just a little too small in volume, falls three hundred feet in two leaps. The lower fall is very graceful, the channel above being very confined; so that the water rushes with such vehemence as to fall thirty feet before it is converted into spray. It then assumes a fan-shape, and falls into a shallow caldron.

The upper fall, however, is the curiosity. It is approached by a series of easy zig-zags, with seats to afford different views of the falls. The stream issues, clear and delicious, from under a lime-stone rock, and is

precipitated into a huge round pit, about thirty feet in width — whether natural, or worn by the river, I cannot say — and one hundred and fifty feet deep. At the bottom it has worked an arch twenty feet high, through which the water rushes to leap over the lower fall; so that, at the top of the upper fall, you stand upon a natural bridge of rock one hundred and thirty feet thick, and look down into the pit, where the foam seethes and boils, and sends up clouds of vapor. The darkness in the middle is as of the raven's wing; but far down you discern the gray light, shining through the arch to illumine the kettle into which the water falls. The noise is tremendous, reverberating from the wall of the cavity until the earth shakes for yards around. After sufficiently admiring it, we returned to Golling, got out our voiture, and reached Hallein at two o'clock. I now prepared to visit the mine. I shall here, however, endeavor to explain the process by which the salt is obtained.

The rocks in which the salt occurs are Alpine lime-stone and conglomerate. In the latter the salt assumes the shape of nodules, averaging in size from a hazel-nut to a good-sized apple, and possessing none of the brilliancy of crystallization we usually ascribe to common salt. In the former the salt occurs, with the other stratified rocks, in regular strata, sometimes of considerable thickness, and occasionally, though rarely, in pure crystals, tinged with sulphate of iron or sulphate of copper, the latter being so rare as to be a somewhat expensive curiosity in the mineralogist's cabinet. Of this description are the mines at Hallein, the Dürrenberg being a mountain of lime-stone. These mines have been worked for centuries, but still afford some twenty thousand tons annually. There are various mines in other parts of the Austrian dominions; some even extending for miles under a part of the Bavarian territory; as, for instance, Berchtesgaden, but the working of which was reserved to the Emperor of Austria by the Congress of 1815.

The salt is an imperial monopoly, and that found in the Salzkammergut is sent to Ling, whence it is shipped to Vienna. A seam having been found, a square excavation, with concave roof, (the lower wing of the concavity being thrown about eight inches back from the walls,) is made, and a pipe is introduced from a neighboring spring, through which water is conveyed into the cell, until it reaches the edge of the concavity of the roof. This is then hermetically sealed, after an aperture has been made in the lower corner of the cell, to which is accurately fitted a stop-cock pipe. The water is then allowed to act upon the walls of the cell, and becomes in process of time completely saturated with salt. The sides of the excavation, it is evident, will be enlarged by the action of the water, (hence the use of the eight inches additional span of the roof,) and the floor will be elevated by the sediment, principally at the sides; so that it will also be, to some extent, concave, and the entire cell will be not unlike a very oblate spheroid. The length of time necessary to convert the water into brine varies, of course, with the richness of the salt strata: thus, at Hallein, Berchtesgaden, and the western districts of the Salzkammergut, three to five weeks are sufficient; at Ischl, six or seven weeks; near Gratz, three months; and in Transylvania, a whole year elapses before the brine is sufficiently strong to be drawn off. As soon as it is saturated, the stop-cock is opened, and it is drawn off to the salt-

boiling works; the other stop is opened, and a fresh supply of pure water admitted; and so on, until either the vein is exhausted, or the excavation has approached so close to another one as to render it probable that the pressure of the water will force a way through. Notwithstanding all precautions, an accident occasionally happens when the water has come upon a soft and easily soluble stratum. Great destruction then ensues, and occasionally lives are lost. Indeed, considering that there is the whole weight of the mountain above, and that one hundred or so tons of water are supported by a floor only five or six feet thick, it is wonderful that accidents are not of more frequent occurrence.

When the water has been thus saturated and transferred to the evaporating-houses, the difficulty is by no means over. The only way known in Austria of obtaining the salt, is by boiling. Consequently, (Mahomet and the mountain!) either fire-wood must be brought to the brine, or the brine must be conveyed where there is plenty of fire-wood. At Hallein, the Dürrenberg is itself covered with wood, is in the neighborhood of extensive forests, and is constantly being supplied with young plantations as fast as the old are cut down. Hence the salt-boiling works are in the town. At Berchtesgaden, however, they have not been so thrifty: not a bit of fire-wood is to be got nearer than thirty miles of hilly road; and as the expense of transport of billets would be enormous, as also continuous, it becomes necessary to transport the brine to some place where there is a sufficiency of the needful. The brine at the last-mentioned place is actually evaporated at Rosenheim, in the Bavarian territory, sixty English miles distant! It is conveyed over hill and dale, the water being carried up by means of most powerful and ingenious hydraulic machinery, which I regretted being unable to visit. One effort of the great pump raises half a ton of water twelve hundred English feet! The brine being thus conveyed to the boiling-houses, is put into huge vats, and a little salt added, to make up for evaporation, etc. The means next employed for procuring the salt are simple, primitive, and expensive. The boiling-tray is a huge saucer, say sixty feet broad, and not more than one deep, composed of sheets of cast-iron, well soldered together, about five to the inch in thickness. A strong pine fire is then kindled beneath, the fire being controlled by flues, so as to spread over the whole surface. Under the intense heat, the iron plates would curl like paper, but are kept distended and horizontal by strong supports from the roof and sides of the building. As soon as one saucer-ful is evaporated, the salt is removed, and a fresh supply introduced.

At the end of a fortnight the fire is extinguished, and the saucer undergoes a wholesale tinkering against another occasion. Sometimes a rent takes place during the process, in which case a plank is shoved across, and a man goes in to find where the flaw is. He stands a considerable chance of being suffocated by the steam under any circumstances, and of course a slip of the foot is immediate death. Altogether, neither the miners nor boilers would be fit subjects for a life insurance. To guard against destitution among the families of the sufferers by accident, a fund has been raised by a benevolent gentleman of Salzburg, to which each miner contributes a gulden (half a dollar) per month.

The entrance to the salt-mine of Hallein is situated at the village of

Dürrenberg, one thousand five hundred feet above Hallein, solely inhabited by miners, and whose white church-spire I had admired in the morning. The walk up was intensely hot: I walked quick, as we wished to return to Salzburg by six. The sun, which had before been veiled with clouds, beat down upon my unfortunate head, so that, in the words of Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, (like the good vicar, I love to give all her name,) 'By the living jingo, I was all of a muck of sweat!' On presenting my permit, I was courteously received by M. le Surintendant, and the foreman, who showed me various boxes of crystals, one of which I bought, being the property of the miner who was to be my guide. Each miner is allowed to dispose of a box or two of crystals he may have found: an excellent plan, as it encourages a spirit of research and emulation, that has already furnished about fifty kinds of rock-salt. While the miners were preparing the lights, etc., I was induced in regular miner's apparel. Bloomerism is imperative upon such ladies as visit the mine. Over the indescribables the miner's dress is fastened. It consists, first, of a stout cap, worn ostensibly to save the head from ugly knocks in the low galleries, but for which I could see no necessity. Then there is a white jacket, a pair of white unmentionables, and a leather apron is fastened behind to counteract the effects of friction in descending the slides. A strong gauntlet of leather on the right hand completes your equipment, and with a lantern in your hand, you follow your guide into the salt-mine of Hallein.

The passages of this mine are said to be a good week's walking, without once traversing the same ground. The entrance is by a small postern, from which a passage leads for a mile in a direction opposite to Hallein, and continuously level. Every now and then, a set of huge supports of wood, lining the passage, tells of an exhausted salt-vat, and some, where the brine has been saturated, are in process of being drawn off, the gurgling, rushing sound of the water and your own muffled footsteps being the only sounds audible in the almost tangible darkness around. The vats in this part of the mine are rarely saturated under six weeks. The strata of salt, of a pale-gray color, are rarely more than a foot in thickness, and fifteen feet in breadth, yielding about seventeen per cent. of salt. The strata of limestone and rock-salt are perfectly uniform, never varying from an angle of twenty degrees to the horizon, with a dip to the N. N. E. Every alternate stratum of the salt I observed to be contorted, but the general angle remained the same. Then there are, as I have already said, small detached pieces of rock-salt, some being green or blue, the latter, as I have mentioned, being kept as a great curiosity. All the passages are provided with tram-ways, on which the wagons run that convey the excavated earth, the guage being about twenty inches. Indeed, the passages are only about thirty inches wide, except at those frequent side cavities, where the empty wagons are 'shunted' off to admit the passage of a caravan. We next heard some knocking, which I was informed was in the next gallery, and was caused by the construction of a vat. The earth taken out is carried by wagons to a reservoir of water near the town, called the Salt Lake, which has to be deepened and altered every two months, at considerable expense.

At the end of the passage, a mile from the entrance, the guide sud-

denly turned at an angle to our previous course, and opening a side door, I found myself introduced to the first of the 'rollen' or slides. In order to get easily to various galleries, the miners have invented a safe and easy means of descent. A set of pines are selected, smoothed, and accurately rounded. They are then placed end to end in pairs, about a foot apart, the guage for the wagons being outside of them, and the steps for ascending between them. A thick, smooth rope is also suspended by the ends at the right side, and the whole apparatus is fastened at an angle of as much as forty-five, or even fifty degrees. Of these 'rollen' there are five, the longest being two hundred and fifty feet, at an angle of forty-seven degrees. Seating yourself with a leg over each pine, and the rope in your hand, you slide down, the friction being obviated by the leather glove and apron. The first slide the guide assists you; the second, you go slowly down yourself; and at the third, devil take the hindmost: it is hard to say whether you or the guide go quickest. I timed myself down the last—the long one—and found I did it in ten seconds, at the rate of twenty miles an hour!! You can stop yourself at any time, by taking firm hold with the glove. There is not the slightest danger, for you land on a straw bag; but it is rather frightsome to see the guide, with a lantern in his left hand, place himself on the 'rolle,' and glide down like an arrow, the feeble glare of the lantern being lost till he turns round at the bottom.

But there are yet greater surprises. After walking for upward of an hour, the guide suddenly opens a door, and lo! there is a subterranean lake, about one hundred yards long and broad, the roof seven feet high only, and perfectly flat, all brilliantly illuminated, amid a silence the most profound. Your guide seats you on a platform-boat, with tram-ways upon it, and a deep voice booms across, 'Ganz fertig?' (All ready?) Your guide sings out, 'Ja!' and without another word or sound, you begin to perceive the lights dancing a jig, which is none other than your motion, of which you are utterly unconscious, making them change place. The whole scene reminded me so forcibly of the Mohammedan legend of the 'Haunted Well,' that I every moment expected to see Ali, the lion-hearted, and his fleet steed Duldul, dash into the water to assail the Peri-King in his enchanted hall. A half-naked miner starts suddenly out to receive the boat, and his huge figure and staring eyes, which they all have from working so much in the dark, together with the reflection by the rock-salt crystals of the innumerable candles around, gave me a vivid idea of some of the Eastern fairy tales. All the light of the candles fails to illumine the lake: it is a gloomy, silent, appalling place, that speaks most strongly to the imagination.

After walking a little farther, you find three or four miners awaiting you, and you seat yourself straddle-ways upon a long four-wheeled barrow, running in the tram-way, holding your lantern all the while. They then all set off with a whoop and halloo, running, might and main, down a slight though perceptible descent, till they come upon what seemed to me to be rollers; then, a little after, a slide or 'rolle'; and after that more running. Strange, ugly-looking side cavities are passed; and as the passage is, as I have said, only thirty inches in width, you instinctively bend to the opposite side, under the impression that nothing can save your



shoulder from a very severe blow. Before, however, you have time for thought, you are whirled past, the tram-way keeping you safe from all damage. All of a sudden the leader gave a shrill whistle, and we stopped, while my guide pointed out a star, as it seemed, in the distance. This was the mouth of the mine! From this point it presented the appearance of a star of the first magnitude, of a deep violet-blue, with a strong tinge of red. We were now a quarter of a mile from the mouth, and in about a minute more, we dashed into the open air, the change from black darkness to a blaze of sunlight, and from cold to intense heat, being of itself an exciting termination to a most exciting visit. I visited them solus, for which the charge was three florins, and with book, etc., four florins, (about two dollars,) including a visit to the sculpture gallery, containing portraits of the reigning family, cut in rock-salt, not badly executed, for a self-taught artist. We then returned to Salzburg.

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D E P A R T E D Y O U T H .

WHAT though the blighted leaves and faded flowers  
 Impart no fragrance to the passing gale?  
 Though o'er the hills, and through the forest bowers,  
 The cold winds sweep, with wild and mournful wail?  
 Spring-time will come in beauty, well I know;  
 The wild-bird build its woodland nest again:  
 Green leaves will whisper where sweet waters flow,  
 And gentle flowers will drink the Summer rain.

But in our hearts Spring will no more appear;  
 Life's faded bloom no time can e'er restore:  
 Like some celestial strain upon our ear,  
 The music of our youth shall fall no more:  
 For ever gone our childhood's peaceful rest,  
 Our radiant hopes, that rose so proud and high,  
 The happy thoughts that dwelt within the breast,  
 While rapture gushed from springs that now are dry.

Ay! Youth is past! Life can no more impart  
 The golden glory of its early beam,  
 Nor give us back the days when boyhood's heart  
 Leaped in its gladness, like the mountain stream.  
 Like visions raised by some magician's spell,  
 Our dreams have fled, an unsubstantial throng;  
 Like music lost, when rising breezes swell,  
 Dies the last cadence of Life's morning song.

Henceforth our path lies desolate and drear;  
 The flowers of joy spring at our feet no more:  
 The perfumed groves behind us disappear;  
 The desert spreads its burning sands before.  
 Then on Life's summit let us thoughtful stand,  
 While in the distance fades the vale below;  
 Turn one fond gaze on Youth's enchanted land,  
 And sigh farewell to Youth's expiring glow!

J. CUNNINGHAM.

## L I Z Z I E L A I R D .

BY JAMES LINEN

THE plague on LIZZIE LAIRD, for my heid has ne'er been soun'  
 Since her twa pawkie een gae my puir heart sic a stoun';  
 Oh! I canna see her face, nor pass her cottage door,  
 But feelins strange come ower me, I never felt afore.

The little coaxin' smatchet! I wish I ne'er had seen  
 The roses on her dimpled cheeks, the glances o' her een;  
 They've tint my very heart, an' thrown ower me sic a spell,  
 I feel like ane bewitched, for I dinna feel mysel'.

Gif it's no a stoun' o' love, what else then can it be?  
 An' why should I lo'e LIZZIE, if LIZZIE lo'es na me?  
 The wee bit teasin' cuttie, sae winsome an' sae kind,  
 Why should I allow a doot to lurk about my mind?

I ken her heart is warm, an' I ken her love is true:  
 It shines oot clear as truth in her bonnie een o' blue;  
 Through the journey o' my life, how happy shall I be,  
 When wedded to my hinnie, O LIZZIE LAIRD, to thee!

On the same bink at the schule our lessons we wad learn;  
 I then was but a callant, an' she was but a bairn:  
 Cauld will be this heart o' mine ere I forget the days  
 When youngsters we wad wander aboot our native braes.

I think I see the laverock up frae the clover spring;  
 I think I hear the mavis an' linties sweetly sing;  
 When my LIZZIE, little doo! without a thought o' sin,  
 Cam' skippin' ower the green fields to spier if I was in.

Aft, in youthfu' rapture, when wild-flowers were in bloom,  
 The wee birds'-nests we'd herry amang the gowden broom;  
 Or wad aiblins howk for bikes in laughin' simmer glee,  
 An'a' the treasures steal o' the honey bumble-bee.

Oh! fu' weel I mind the time, awa down by the shaws,  
 Bare-fitted we wad toddle to pu' the slaes an' haws;  
 An' for berries aften dander oot ower the mossy fells,  
 Where hums the muirland bee, and where bloom the heather-bells.

Since I'm nae mair a callant, nor LIZZIE mair a bairn,  
 I fain wad oot o' Nature's buik a manly lesson learn:  
 But what gars me be sae blate, an' feel sae muckle shame  
 To ask my ain sweet LIZZIE to change her maiden name?

Noo, what to say to LIZZIE I coof-like downa ken;  
 I've got a snug wee cot, wi' a cozie but an' ben;  
 I hae but little haudin', yet what I hae I'll share  
 Wi' my bonnie LIZZIE LAIRD, the fairest o' the fair!



*Where my Pen went One Day*

WHEN IT TOOK THE BITS BETWEEN ITS TEETH AND RAN AWAY WITH ME.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I WANT to talk to somebody. I have few chances to talk, for few persons care to hear me. I do n't know why. My notions of things, though not brilliant, seem to be sound. My opinions seldom fail to satisfy my own judgment, and my way of speaking them is my own. For several years I talked to my common-place book, on whose pages I indited whatever thought seemed to be peculiarly my own; but I finally learned, that whatever I there muttered, if good, soon got uttered by somebody else, though I kept the book locked up, so that I lost even the satisfaction of hoarding; and the last thing I wrote there was a *nota-bene*, that in these quick-thinking days it is best to speak or publish our conceptions quickly, lest others run away with the credit of them. For two reasons, then, I take the pen and write on one side only of the paper; first, because by talking out into the world at large there is a certainty of finding some to listen, however oddly I may discourse; and secondly, because I can thus dispose of my brains' fruit before it grows stale.

Ideas are epidemic. They are like the cholera, or small-pox, or break-bone-fever. Daguerre, and Morse the American, and another man whose name I forget, all three discovered the phototype about the same time; the man with the unremembered name being the earliest, Morse the second in order; but he left it to run after the electric telegraph idea, which he only got practically published in America in time to see others in Europe do the same thing: last came Daguerre, and his name is given to the discovery. Look around for a thousand instances which I am too busy to name, all illustrating the epidemic quality of thought. When the process of formation had resulted in the production of soil fit to yield grass, and the ripe time for grass-hoppers had thus arrived, must we believe that one single pair of them only were born into the world, to meet the risks of existence, assailed by the beaks of myriads of hungry chickens, until they reached the age of puberty and procreation, so as to hang the fate of the whole present grass-hopping population on the wonderfully small chances of their escape? Must we not rather presume that the intended result was insured by a simultaneous production of tens of millions of them?

So also, when the same PROVIDENCE intended to Napoleonize Europe, I cannot but think that at least a dozen Napoleonic babies were born, of the fate of the superfluous eleven of whom it would be curious to trace the progress through measles, mumps, ill-schooling, false circumstances, fusillades and cannonades, to death or abortive ends. And when from the SOURCE of all mind a thought is sent to make its way into and do its duty in the world, reason would teach that the same thought-germ

is at once imparted to numerous minds, in by far the most of which no fruit will be yielded, but in some and more than one of which there will certainly be no failure. If man or circumstance originated thought, this would be otherwise. That it is as it is, proves that a higher Power is constantly working in the race, and that an unfailing PROVIDENCE is leading us not blindly at all. Think profitably of the conclusion, then, that God or angels shower the thought-seed from above, and always cast it down in superabundance.

We stand in times of rapid movement. Ideas breed like rabbits; some kinds of intellectual food growing stale so soon, that, like manna of old, it must be gathered in the morning from each citizen's door-step, and eaten before the evening. Newspaper news wilts as quickly as morning-glories; that is, before the press-dew has been dried at the grate-fire. Matter suitable for monthlies is rarer; for while these demand only current topics, most topics are as current as the current of Time's mill-race, and few but are swept away between the changes of the moon. Even nations go crazy now-a-days; not monthly, but semi-monthly. How Kossuth turned the heads of the English in a fortnight! And as for those theories which require a twelve-month to elaborate into a 'twelvemo.,' they are too few to mention. The learned French baron prefaced his two little volumes on law and government by saying he hoped the reader would not in a moment condemn what it required him twenty years to write. To be sure, his web of thought, so long in weaving, has served us for a century or so, and is not yet worn out; but whoso should, in this age, be twenty years at work upon a book of politics or law, would probably find that his work had outlived its usefulness, say nineteen years and eleven months before being born.

Here is a problem of arithmetic for those to cipher out who are seeking to abolish those three great thinners-out of population: war, pestilence, and famine. Suppose success to crown their efforts, what would be the probable census of the world at the end of a thousand years of peace, sanity, and health? I suppose the result would be, that each man would have to stand upright and motionless, with his elbows crowded into his neighbor's ribs. Of course such a 'regular jam' would soon reproduce war, pestilence, and famine, and the reformers find themselves coming out of the same hole at which they went in. Of what use, then, is it to trouble ourselves about sanitary reform, agricultural improvement, or peace congresses? What hope can even Owen offer to the starving trillions?

I myself have faith in God's providence. I believe that HE is a God of numbers, and works by numbers, as HIS subservient means, and do not fear that HE will ever let numbers overwhelm and bring to naught HIS design. Yet it is not I who call HIM a God of numbers, but Pythagoras before me; and not Pythagoras, but the five-finger and the trefoil before him. God calculates and provides, and calculates to provide. HE is no more idle now than ever, but still works on our earth, which HE did not, as soon as HE had formed it, kick from HIM, to roll unsustained through space, or tumble uncared-for into Tophet. 'The hairs of your head are *numbered*.' Hitherto the population has not reached to perhaps one-twentieth of what the globe, properly cultivated, can sustain. It is

time to fear that the skies will fall when we hear them crack. Certainly it is unwise to distrust God when we find ourselves within reasonable distance of the catastrophe.

Yet the figures will cipher up no other result; and while figures desert us, it is folly in this unbelieving age to preach that PROVIDENCE will stand by us. It is, without exception, the most faithless age I ever knew or read off. If I could point out a way by which PROVIDENCE could help us out of the difficulty, and solve the great population question, then the people would have faith. Oh, yes! after it is proved to be possible, they will believe it to be possible, and not before! Oh, ye of little faith! gird up your loins, and believe in God! Trust, trust implicitly, in the instinctive hope of a better future. Believe in the inborn zeal for progress. Rely upon it, these, which have set so many good men so diligently to the work of helping the sick times, do not stir the human breast for nothing.

Let us think of a few plans for saving the material world. First, perhaps some rich but barren planet will relieve our poor mother of a portion of her children, by hauling alongside of her some bright morning, like one ship at sea beside another that is in distress. Secondly, perhaps science will discover some new mode of transportation—by the milky-way, perhaps—whereby we may reach other unpeopled spheres, with large tracts of public lands, and there ‘squat.’ Thirdly, perhaps at the proper time the globe, still fluid within, may, by some gigantic effort of creative power, be blown up—not exploded, as Monsieur Proudhon threatens to do, but inflated—like a soap-bubble, into a great hollow ball, with ten thousand times its present superficial space, and still with thickness enough to sustain our flummery temples, towers, and pyramids. Fourthly, perhaps the race may gradually grow smaller, little by little, as numbers increase. They might do so to an almost indefinite extent, without losing their perfection of organism or sacrifice of dignity, except the shrinking be unequal, so as to leave some of present stature to lord it like giants over the others. In the nature of things there is nothing to prevent the existence of a world as complete as our own, yet no larger than an apple, with mountains, oceans, and rivers to match, inhabited by infinitesimals of different nations and races, blessed with food and shelter, learning and art, theatres and oysters, wine and newspapers, and afflicted with earth-quakes and hot weather, lawyers, doctors, and politicians, slavery and war, and Russian interventions. On such a scale of size, the figures would tire out, we might hope, before reaching a product that would overstock the present earth; and we might prevent the further agitation of the population question by penal enactments against computations attempting to show that, at the present natural rate of increase, no amount of space short of infinity could suffice to contain the ultimate production, by imprisoning or hanging such as ciphered in that way, and by burning their books. Perhaps it might be found advisable to suppress mathematics altogether.

Then there’s Miss Martineau’s ‘preventive check’ can be adopted, or hints might be taken from the polity of the South-Sea Islanders, who have long been in the habit of solving the problem in their rude way. The Sandwich Islanders made it the religious duty of the mothers to

strangle a few of their infants, which they cheerfully did; the more so, that giving birth to them cost little trouble or pain.

Yet why multiply suppositions in this unbelieving age? Some flaw will be doubtless found in each of the above plans. O babies! babies! how much trouble you make! Why will you be born, when you know there is no room for you? You come into the world crying for more space; bawling shrilly for freedom of the public lands and a home-stead exemption law. Do not the awful warnings of the sanatory reform in cities deter you? Cannot the disgrace we inflict on bastards keep you from thronging in through illegitimate avenues? Cannot the pains and penalties of poverty prevent you from crowding in most numerously into poor men's families, coming in ragged crowds from the LORD knows where, and destined for the Devil cares what fate?

THE GREAT SOLUTION has been given me by one whose name I pretend to forget. It can be found, however, in the great book of natural analogy, where it is written that Nature shields her productions from destruction by increasing their productiveness in proportion to the destroying influences which surround them. The small fishes breed by millions at a spawning, because the large fishes live on them, while the whale and shark have few offspring. In the forest, the lion, long-lived and able to protect himself, leaves few heirs to inherit his kingdom over the beasts, while the weakly and timid rabbit has, if I remember rightly, a brood once a month, and twelve at a brood!

Then look at the vegetable kingdom. The unsheltered wild rose has few leaves, yet is full of seeds, while the well-cultivated and cared-for, the fully-developed and beautiful garden-rose, is full of fragrant leaves, but has very few seeds. The garden-pippin, cleared, shielded, and dug round, yields much pulp, but very few seeds, while the poor apple-tree of the bleak, barren hill-side shows poor and shrunk cheeks, but is half-full of seed-cells and seeds. In the human race, as yet in a low enough condition, it is difficult to select specimens which we may term fully developed; perhaps there are none. We may notice, however, that the aristocratic classes of Europe, of the higher order, provided they be not too much vitiated by city-life, show a greater approach toward physical development than any where else, as evidenced by their superior chances for enjoyment, superior refinement, and beauty of face and form. Now among these it is unusual to see more than two or three children in a family. The prolific qualities of poor people are notorious. In an old proverb, the result of men's observation is embodied thus: 'A fool for luck, and a poor man for children.'

From all this we learn that God is over-seeing and overruling the relations of numbers, and that his way of checking the too great increase of our race is found in the law by which, with increased development, there always comes a decrease of progeny. The modes of reform which shall remove the then great checks on population will also produce a more perfect development, for they are of the sort to do it. On the other hand, as we recede from a well-developed condition, and thereby increase the power of destroying influences, the reproductive power will proportionally revive to supply the waste.

If the foregoing theory is not clear, it is because my ink is thick.

## LITTLE HENRIQUE: OR, THE CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

## A COLLOQUY FROM LIFE

MOTHER, the flowers are dying, *all* are dying on the hills,  
And there's something like to gloominess my yearning spirit fills:  
*Last* year they died, but then I brought the chestnut from the wood,  
And roamed the orchard where the trees of golden apples stood.

But now I'm all too weak, mother; my limbs would ache with pain;  
And I am going where the flowers will never fade again:  
I can only see the yellow leaves that round my window play,  
As borne upon the wingéd winds, to sink and then decay.

Last night I lay awake, mother; I could not sleep for thought;  
While in the hearth the cricket's chirp such mournful musings brought,  
And the pendulum against the wall, tick-ticking all the night,  
Seemed but the sounding foot-falls of the moments in their flight.

And soon old Winter will be here, with cold, and ice, and storm;  
I'm glad that I am going where the days are bright and warm:  
But you will be so lonely then—O mother! mother dear!  
Why is your bosom heaving, and in your eye that tear?

'Tis only one short year ago grandfather died, you know;  
And I trembled as I saw *them* make his bed so cold and low;  
And very bitterly I wept, through all the lonesome night,  
As I thought how bitterly *he'd* weep, to wake and find no light.

Then you told me of a realm afar, beyond the clouds away,  
And of the good KING that o'er it reigns throughout eternal day;  
And you said the years were very few ere we should meet him there,  
In that realm beyond the clouds, away from trouble and from care.

And, mother! do you think, when we come to meet him there,  
He'll sit, just as he used to sit, in his big old easy-chair,  
With spectacles and Bible, and a smile of quiet joy,  
And take me on his knee and say, 'God bless our little boy?'

My little play-mate, ALFRED, too, I went to see him when  
He lay so pale and motionless—he didn't know me then;  
I took his hand in mine—it was, oh! so cold and numb!  
He'll be very glad to see me—won't he, mother?—when I come?

Old CÆSAR, too, we used to have such sport with him, you know:  
You told me where I am going a dog could never go;  
But it would seem so pleasant, mother, to see him once again  
Come bounding forth to meet me, as he used to, up the lane!

But, mother, your heart is breaking!—I cannot bear that sigh:  
Oh, I know 'tis very gloomy, and the winds are wild and high:  
There'll be no leaves left where they grew, no flowers to-morrow-day;  
But there's enough where we are going, far beyond the clouds away!

## O B E R O N   A N D   T I T A N I A .

OBERON: Ill met by moonlight, proud TITANIA.

TITANIA: What! jealous, OBERON? Fairy, skip hence;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON: Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

TITANIA: Then I must be thy lady. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE'S spirits are seldom like humanity in any of their traits of character. They mingle with men, and busy themselves with their concerns; but still it is always evident through all they do that they belong to another sphere of existence. You can no more discover any confusion of characters in the 'Tempest' and 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,' than you can in 'Othello,' or in 'King John,' or any other of his plays which has only human characters. His fairies are all unlike Spenser's, (which might well be termed a race of *perfect mortals*), and are by no means men and women cut short, mere dwarfs. They are a distinct race of sportive beings, to whom the tiniest cowslip is a 'tall' plant, for whom the least acorn-cup is a full, large hiding-place, and human follies are sufficient sport. Puck's character is the nearest an exception to the rule which makes the fairies of Shakspeare unlike human beings. He seems at first little else than a shrewd, roguish Tom Thumb; but watch him carefully, and you will find him out for a sprite as true-born as the four elements can afford. Don't be deceived by the title 'Robin Goodfellow,' for, after all, his chosen names are 'Hobgoblin' and 'Sweet Puck.' Some traits of Puck's character are certainly human, but these are the very traits with which Shakspeare did not endow him; they are those which he brought with him from the North; those which he possessed long before he visited England. The 'Puk' of English Fairy Mythology came from Friesland, and was long frightening 'the maidens of the villager,' and misleading 'night-wanderers' before he became the more refined, more spirit-like Puck of Midsummer-Night's Dream. One other instance, in which these fairies show in themselves a tinge of humanity, is that amusing one of the Fairy-King and Queen in Midsummer-Night's Dream. Uncouth as the comparison may be, one cannot refrain from likening that scene between the King and the Queen to one of the severest of the 'Candle Lectures' spiritualized. The Fairy-King and Queen certainly have a touch of humanity about them, if there is any justness in such a comparison; for (*on dit*) there is no denying the truth to nature assumed in those 'Lectures.' Literal curtain lectures can hardly possess the deep interest which belongs to this interview between Oberon and Titania; for I much doubt whether they are ever couched in language half so beautiful as that of the Fairy-King and Queen, even if they are held between personages as great as they. That in which Oberon and Titania apparently most resemble humanity, is that in which almost least of all they resemble it, namely, in their conjugal differences, their '*love-spats*,' if you please. I will not venture to declare that this scene between the fairy 'lord' and 'lady' is a humorous touch of the poet's, intended to hint through its charming poetry as much of the prose



of life as is above gathered from it; for perhaps he was wholly unconscious of the shade of likeness to wedded humankind which he has wrought into their characters. After all, it may be only a fancied resemblance, one quite unreasonable: let those determine who can, while we leave instituting comparisons at the expense of poor humanity to follow the story of the loving difference of Oberon and Titania.

The fairy court, with all its elfin attendants, had but just been transferred from 'the farthest steep of India' to Athens. The occasion of the change was the proposed marriage of Theseus, Duke of Athens, with Hippolyta, the 'bouncing Amazon.' These fairy guardians had come

'To give their bed joy and prosperity;'

but whether they flew from sunny India at the beck of Oberon or that of Titania, we cannot now say; for to decide that would be to decide a point about which they seem to differ.

So hear their inimitable chiding, and then drop the matter just where they so wisely drop it. The Fairy-Queen, apparently forgetful of former visits to Athens, in which she had assisted the Duke in other loves, begins thus boldly to reprove the King as she meets him in the wood:

'Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India,  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To THESEUS must be wedded?'

We may well suppose that the King was somewhat abashed at such a greeting from Titania; but how completely he turns his shame back upon her in his answer:

'How canst thou thus, for shame, TITANIA,  
Glance at my credit with HIPPOLYTA,  
Knowing I thy love to THESEUS?'

Surely this is 'a Roland for an Oliver!' They have now come to that critical point in such games of tossing words, as children toss balls, where it is better for both parties that each cease. But these few words of mutual salutation make clearer the matter of their leaving India and hastily winging their way to Athens. For some time past, Oberon has been 'passing fell and wrath,' as Puck has it, because Titania will not give up to him her dear Indian changeling; and from her willingness to be rid of Oberon's forsworn company when they met at Athens, we may presume that for some time before they had not been so kindly disposed as to speak to each other. When, then, some airy messenger carried to far-off India the tidings of the Duke's intended marriage, Oberon, eagerly catching the news as it comes on the western breeze, and bethinking himself of the fair Hippolyta, flies to Athens, swift as love can fly to greet an absent friend. Titania, too, hearing, as it were, the wedding-chime of the well-remembered and beloved Theseus, folds her darling changeling in her arms, and, silently and swiftly as the attending rays of moonlight, darts westward. Thus they alight in the moonlit wood near Athens, each, forsooth, thinking the other to be sporting in the 'spiced Indian air.' As they wander through the wood with their respective trains of elves, leaving here and there the fresh marks of their moonlight revelry in fairy circles of bright green grass, their merriment suddenly ceases, and, behold, the royal fairies stand face to face in mutual wonder. Could any thing be more pat? Who now shall speak

the first word but the one that feels least guilty? Oberon at first suppresses his elfin wrath, and salutes the Queen coldly, yet with quite as much gallantry as he can well command under the circumstances. How deliberately it seems to come forth :

'ILL met by moonlight, proud TITANIA.'

The Queen evidently makes strange of the occasion, and with seeming innocence replies :

'What! jealous, OBERON?'

and is just making good her escape from the unlucky meeting, when the angry command of the King, and the unanswerable argument for her obedience contained in his words, 'Am not I thy lord?' cause her to fold again her impatient wings. Of course, even a *spirit-lady* could not be thus provokingly reminded of her allegiance to her lord, and retain her good temper : so the fretful Fairy-Queen vents her ill feeling by chiding Oberon for the wide wanderings of his affection. Oberon retaliates with good effect, since his recital drives the Queen to the last resort, of denouncing all his charges as 'the forgeries of jealousy.' Then she arrays before him the host of evils arising from this, their unfortunate dissension. The passage in which the Queen recounts these evils is a rare succession of descriptive beauties. You can hardly find another passage in all Shakspeare made up of so many beautiful pictures wrought in so few words. Every word is a finished sketch. If you are at all smitten with the 'rage' for great panoramas, here is a little one for you worth them all ; a panorama representing the earth upside down, and quite out of tune. The descriptions of this passage must be perused with something of the highly poetical feeling of their author. If, while studying it, you forget for a moment that a fairy is speaking, or doubt in the least the sufficiency of a fairy quarrel to produce such wonderful effects, you will lose half its beauty. First, assent in all sincerity to the poet's imaginative creed, which declares Oberon and Titania, with all their elfin retinue, to be objects of belief, then you may enjoy and profit by the poet's preaching. Surely, if the tithe of Titania's story be true, the falling out of a fairy-king with his queen is a serious and mournful thing ; for one of the slightest effects is that :

'THE Spring, the Summer,  
The chiding Autumn, angry Winter, change  
Their wonted liveries ; and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.'

After the Queen has finished her recital of the sad wonders following upon their quarrel, and has so poetically told what poor innocent mortals are suffering by reason of Oberon's obstinacy, he applies the moral of her story to herself :

'Do you amend it then: it lies in you.'

How well the cold prose of that reply sets off the Queen's glowing poetry ! Ill return, indeed, for so charming a reproof !

The Fairy-King repeats the condition on which alone he will make peace with the Queen, and thus put the earth once more in tune. But Titania will not give up her lovely changeling ; no, not for the fairy-land. And if one consider well her touching account of the Indian prize, one can hardly blame the Queen for refusing to give him up. The change-

ling is a cherished memento of a dear mortal with whom she once sported on the 'yellow sands,' 'marking the embarked traders on the flood,' and laughing to 'see the sails conceive' by the 'wanton wind.' Titania would keep this precious relic of the Indian Queen, for she, being mortal, died: so that now the Fairy-Queen sits lonesome on the sunny beach, and hears no longer the merry laugh of her friend, though the wind sport ever so wantonly with the 'big-bellied sails.' It seems ill-natured in Oberon to persist in demanding the boy after hearing this account of his value to Titania. Faith, a mortal would shed tears sooner than such a spirit. Perhaps, though, it is only for mortals to shed tears.

But what shall we say of the wily King when he comes to effect by stratagem what he cannot by rightful authority? Poor Titania must lose her darling changeling now, for hear that ominous call:

'My gentle Puck, come hither.'

There's no hope for the Queen and her Indian boy, if that knavish Puck is to have a hand in the business. You cannot trust him to do any thing but a deed of mischief. He is mischievousness itself; the very essence of roguishness. This ready servant is off in a trice, to girdle the earth and get the 'little western flower,' whose juice but dropped on her eyelids will so completely confuse the sight and the affection of Titania, that she shall forget the precious changeling, and love instead the transformed Bottom, with his 'ass's nowl' in place of a head. The transformation of Bottom is Puck's master-piece of invention, worthy of the favorite adviser and friend of the royal Oberon. There is something irresistibly comic in all this. One cannot picture the scene to one's self without a hearty laugh. It is ludicrous enough to see the beautiful face of the Fairy-Queen close against the ugly snout of the pro-tempore ass, and to fancy we hear her merry laugh responding with strange delight to her loved one's hideous bray; to see her kiss his 'large fair ears' and 'amiable checks;' and mark how fondly she anticipates his least desire, and how unconscious she seems of the strange incongruity between the intent of her loving queries and his replies. When she asks, 'What, wilt thou have some music, my sweet love?' meaning, of course, to regale his drowsy ears with a fairy roundelay, set to that exquisite music which seems, with its soft swell, to grow up out of silence, and then gently to die away again into silence—such music as only airy sprites and wind-harps can make—that unmusical mouth answers: 'I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have *the tongs and the bones*.' And again Titania: 'Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.' To which Bottom replies, in words characteristic of his odd head: 'Truly, a *peck of provender*: I could *munch your good dry oats*. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.' A strange 'penchant,' even for a mortal, and one which the Fairy-Queen cannot appreciate, spell-bound as she is by the potent juice of the 'love-in-idleness.' Nor does she seem to notice how depraved the taste of her long-eared lover is, until he avowedly prefers to the proffered 'squirrel's hoard of new nuts,' 'a handful or two of dried peas.' Then she leaves the hopeless task of ministering to an appetite so unlike a fairy's, and they fall asleep in each other's arms. What an inimitable farce! 'Tis enough to make an Heraclitus hold both his sides. It were worth a

trip across the Atlantic to see a painting of this scene, in which the metamorphosed Athenian should be by Hogarth, and the doting Fairy-Queen by Sir Joshua.

During the time Titania has been under this comical spell, Oberon, as you remember, has secured the changeling, and so become reconciled to his elf-lady. Now all is well again throughout the fairy realm of air; and the Earth, that precious charge of the fairies, with all her back-load of children, has once more put on a quiet, pleasant face:

'Sound, music. Come, my Queen, take hand with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity.'

Considering this elfin quarrel of the fairy 'lord' and 'lady' as altogether a fairy scene, with no counterpart among the realities of mortal life, it is, indeed, delightful; but if there be such, or less loving, differences between mortal 'lords' and 'ladies,' it is also instructive, and especially so to the 'ladies.'

W. S. S.

*Scarborough, (Me.) Dec., 1851.*

## THE CHOLERA-KING.

BY H. W. ELLSWORTH

He cometh! a conqueror proud and strong,  
At the head of a mighty band  
Of the countless dead, as he passed along,  
That he slew with his red right-hand;  
And over the mountain, or down the vale,  
As his shadowy train sweeps on,  
There stealeth a lengthened note of wail  
For the loved and early gone!

He cometh! the sparkling eye grows dim,  
And heavily draws the breath  
Of the trembler who whispers low of Him,  
And his standard-bearer, DEATH!  
He striketh the rich man down from power,  
And wasteth the student pale;  
Nor 'scapes him the maid in her latticed bower,  
Nor the chieftain armed in mail.

He cometh! through ranks of steel-clad men,  
To the heart of the warrior-band;  
Ye may count where his conquering step hath been,  
By the spear in each nerveless hand.  
Wild shouteth he where, on the battle-plain,  
By the dead are the living hid,  
As he buildeth up, from the foemen slain,  
His skeleton-pyramid!

There stealeth, 'neath yonder turret's height.  
A lover with song and lute,  
Nor knoweth the lips of his lady bright  
Are pale, and her sweet voice mute:

For he dreameth not, when no star is dim,  
Nor cloud in the summer sky,  
That she who from childhood loved him  
Hath laid her down to die!

She watcheth — a fond young mother dear,  
While her heart beats high with pride,  
How she best to the good of life may rear  
The first-born by her side;  
With a fervent prayer, and a love-kiss warm,  
She hath sunk to a dreamless rest,  
Unconscious all of the death-cold form  
That she claspeth to her breast!

Sail ho! for the ship that tireless flies,  
While the mad waves leap around,  
As she spreadeth her wings for the native skies  
Of the wanderers homeward bound:  
Away! through the trackless waters blue!  
Yet, ere half her course is done,  
From the wasted ranks of her merry crew  
There standeth only one!

All hushed is the city's busy throng,  
Where it sleeps in the fold of death,  
As the desert o'er which hath passed along  
The pestilent simoom's breath!  
All hushed — save the chilled and stifling heart  
Of some trembling passer-by,  
As he looketh askance on the dead man's cart,  
Where it waiteth the next to die!

The fire hath died from the cottage-hearth;  
The plough on the unturned plain  
Stands still, while unreaped to the mother earth  
Down droppeth the golden grain!  
Of the loving and loved that gathered there,  
Each living thing hath gone,  
Save the dog that howls to the midnight air,  
By the side of yon cold white stone!

He cometh! He cometh! No human power  
From his advent dread can flee;  
Nor knoweth one human heart the hour  
When the Tyrant his guest shall be:  
Or whether at flush of the rosy dawn,  
Or at noon-tide's fervent heat,  
Or at night, when, with robe of darkness on,  
He treadeth with stealthy feet!

He cometh! a conqueror proud and strong,  
At the head of a mighty band  
Of the countless dead, as he passed along,  
That he slew with his red right-hand:  
And over the mountain, or down the vale,  
As his shadowy train sweeps on,  
There stealeth a lengthened note of wail  
For the loved and early gone!

## L I N E S : T O K A T E .

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

Who sang those songs through summer hours,  
 Taught her by Nature 'mid the flowers,  
 Or 'neath the vine's o'erarching bowers?

KATY-did.

Who made the scene so dear to me?  
 Who gave new life to every tree?  
 Who spoke so gently, frank, and free?

KATY-did.

Who made the hours pass swift at night,  
 Turned solitude into delight,  
 And made the stars seem still more bright?

KATY-did.

Then, dearest fairy! let me say,  
 Ere next returns your natal day,  
 Who vowed to 'love and to obey?'

KATY-did.

## S K E T C H E S I N S O U T H A F R I C A .

BY MONTGOMERY D. PARKER

'THE sun was over the fore-yard,' as a party of some six or seven of our mess shoved off from the ship in the first cutter, manned with a crew of ten shining black Krooboys, for an excursion up one of the tributary streams that run into the Congo river; where, at a distance of a few miles, the natives had told us we should find the King's town. We landed first on the little patch of beach opposite our anchorage, and paid a visit to the house which I have already described; but finding it deserted, and that the ground was only cleared immediately in the vicinity of the building, the country around being covered with an impenetrable jungle, after a little moralizing over the graves of the two Portuguese traders, who had finished their career in this heathenish and desolate spot, we returned to our boat and prepared to ascend the river. Several of the natives had followed us from the ship in their canoes, and we made known to them our intention of visiting his Majesty 'at home.' Just as we entered the boat, we observed one of our Krooboys in the act of kicking an old fellow out of her who had insisted on taking passage with us. Not knowing who he was, it made no impression on our minds at the time, as the natives on the coast are often very troublesome and annoying, and very officious in offering their services, always expecting a large reward for the slightest favor they may render. It appeared afterward,



however, that it was his dread Majesty himself who had been thus scandalously treated, for he had divested himself of his robes of office to prevent their being soiled, and I suppose had wished to accompany us, to pilot our boat in safety. The absence of the royal vestments had entirely destroyed that air of majesty that doth so become a king, and we poor deluded white men had mistaken him for one of his impertinent subjects, and suffered him to be kicked! ay, kicked! and that too in the presence of his courtiers. *There* was a 'jolly go' at the first setting off; an error in diplomacy that we never could hope to rectify; and as we had discovered our mistake only when it was too late to help it, the King had gone off with the remains of his dignity, and the insult probably rankling in his breast; and, worse still, we discovered as soon as we left the beach that our treatment of their sovereign had also been resented by his subjects, who, from at first being vociferous in their offers of service, would now neither show us the way nor hold any communication whatever with us. We were in a decided quandary, and lay on our oars for a time to hold a council of war, which was at last brought to a close and decided by 'old Joe W.,' who declared that, as we were well armed with pistols, cutlasses, and carbines, we had not much to fear, and that we had better push on and attain the object of our expedition, by a visit to the town at all hazards.

The order was given to 'let fall' and 'give way;' and after having proceeded some three or four miles up the branch, we were fortunate enough to meet a couple of natives coming down in a canoe, who, for a small consideration, not knowing how their king had been treated, offered to show us the way to the royal residence. A mile farther on, we turned the boat's head by their direction into a smaller branch of the stream we had been in, and after proceeding some distance up this, turned again to the right, into another still smaller; again, at a little distance, we left this for one still smaller, and finally, turning always to the right, we ran the boat into a little creek, so narrow as barely to allow room for the oars between the thick masses of tangled mangrove that covered the banks to the water's edge; and, shoaling the water, the boat took the mud, and the Kroomen jumped out and carried us on their backs to the shore. There we emerged from the trees, which, although small, stood so close together that a man could not pass between any two of them, save by the path which led to the creek, and found ourselves in a beautiful open country, diversified by hill and dale, and a great deal of it under rude but successful cultivation. Immediately in front of us stood the town we were in search of, very prettily laid out, and containing a large number of those queer little African houses, made of cane and palm-leaf, resembling much more the 'baby-houses' that are sold in the toy-shops, than the habitations of full-grown men. There, to our surprise, we met some natives whom we had seen at the house down the river, and who, having come by a shorter route, had arrived before us. They were very uncivil, and would scarcely answer our questions; but for this we cared but little, as we had attained the object of our visit; we found it necessary, however, to keep an eye on their movements, and our arms ready for instant use, as there was no saying how soon they might be called into requisition.

After looking about the town — but without being asked into any of the houses — and observing that the natives appeared to understand cultivation better, and to be more industrious than many of the tribes we had seen, it was proposed to visit the King's house, which stood on a little eminence in the rear of the town, with the intention of endeavoring to conciliate him toward us for the treatment he had received, unintentional as it was on our part; and with an order to the Krooboys to keep a bright look-out on the boat, off we started on the road to the King's house. We had proceeded perhaps half the distance, when we came to a place where another path from the river's side crossed our road, and, to our discomfiture, who should we see coming up but our quondam kicked and crest-fallen friend, now once more invested with the royal robes, and walking with the proud consciousness that he was again himself, and monarch of all he surveyed. Had he given us the least sign of encouragement, we should have relieved our awe-stricken hearts with a most ample apology, and probably a handful of tobacco; but, frowning only as a king can frown, he swept by on his way home, without deigning us the least notice. After such a rebuff, it would have been labor lost to proceed any farther, so, after a short consultation, we turned about and retraced our steps toward the boat, around which on our arrival we found a large crowd of natives collected, but they offered no impediment to our free passage, contenting themselves with sulky looks and threatening gestures. I have no doubt that they would have attempted some act of open hostility or robbery, had they not seen that we were well armed, and prepared for any such demonstration; although, to tell the truth, we should not have had the smallest chance of escape, had they known their strength and exerted it; for I suppose there were at least four hundred of them, big, strapping fellows, against whom six white men could have done but little in a club-fight. These natives, and in fact nearly all the natives along the coast, understand fire-arms passably well, and are in the daily use of them in their hunts and wars; but it is a remarkable fact that a musket in the hands of a white man is to them an object of the greatest terror and alarm, and almost as much a novelty as when first brought among them. This arises from their great inferiority in the use of a gun, which they see and feel; and so far is it acknowledged, that when two tribes are going to war with each other, if one of them can obtain the services of one of the white slavers or traders with a gun, and it becomes known to the other, it is equivalent to a victory without bloodshed on the part of the fortunate possessors of the white ally, and a treaty of peace is made as expeditiously as possible.

There is very little difference in the manner of dressing among the Congoes, compared with the natives of other tribes, and they have many of the same customs and traditions, but their faith in '*charms*' and '*fetishes*' exceeds any thing I ever saw in a barbarous nation: they even mutilate their bodies and limbs, sometimes in a shocking manner, to render themselves *fetish*. Some of them I saw who had parted with one, two, and three fingers; others had sacrificed a toe or two, and nearly all of them had lost several teeth, besides having the others filed like a saw, and had painted and tattooed their faces and bodies in a most frightful manner. Singular exception to the other tribes on this part of the

coast, no traces now appear to exist among the Congoes of the Catholic religion, which was forced upon them when the Portuguese first discovered this river, and made most strenuous efforts through the Jesuits to convert the natives. It is the more remarkable from the fact, that there were at one time resident Portuguese priests and missionaries on the river and in the adjacent country, who, it is said, persuaded seventy kings and queens, with their tribes, or the greater portion of them, to embrace the Catholic religion. Since then, the Europeans who have visited the Congo for trading purposes have themselves been Catholics, either Portuguese or Spaniards, who, it is natural to suppose, would wish to see their religion strengthened and widely disseminated among a people with whom they were brought into such close connection in their trading operations; but, as I have remarked, not a vestige of Roman Catholicity or any other religion now exists among them; and, from the great unhealthiness of the climate, and gross ignorance and superstition of the natives, it will, I fear, be many long years before the light of the gospel will be shed upon this part of benighted Africa. The slave-stations on the Congo are some distance farther up the river, and in their vicinity are a number of trading-factories, all owned by Portuguese and Brazilians, who monopolize the trade, both in slaves and articles of African produce, such as camwood, gums, elephants' teeth, palm-oil, etc. The natives along the whole course of the river, so far as I have been able to learn, are similar in appearance and habits to those we saw at this town; and now that it appears to be a settled point that the Congo river has no connection whatever with the 'mighty and mysterious Niger,' about which there has been such a useless waste of lives and money in times gone by, for new information in relation to this river, if indeed any is ever obtained, we shall be indebted solely to the slave-merchant or trader, who, for the lust of gold, has the courage to brave the deadly climate in his factory. At day-light, on the tenth of November, we got under weigh and left the Congo. The breeze was very light, but the strong current swept us down the river and into the open sea, as quickly as if we had been scudding before a gale of wind; and taking a fine wind outside, we had a quick run up to Cabenda, a distance of forty-five miles, and came to an anchor early in the afternoon, finding nothing in the harbor but two French brigs-of-war.

Cabenda is another noted slave and trading-station; and the Portuguese factors, who monopolize all the business, and own the barracoons, are, without doubt, to a man, connected with and largely interested in the shipping of slaves, as opportunities occur, either from this place or the little bays and streams in the vicinity. We have just learned that an American brig,\* that we captured here last season, and sent home, on suspicion that she was aiding and abetting the slave-trade, has been tried and cleared, with her officers and crew, and that she is again on the coast, under a charter from the same party in Rio de Janeiro in whose employ she was at the time of her capture.

I have not been in the least surprised at the receipt of this news, al-

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\* This brig was afterward captured under Brazilian colors, by H. M.'s brig *Ferret*, with nine hundred and fifty slaves on board!

though sharing somewhat in the general disappointment at the loss of the prize-money. It is what I expected from the first, and what must necessarily be the result of captures made merely on *suspicion* of vessels being engaged in the slave-trade. I trust also that this case will serve as a warning to the commanders of our cruisers, from the heavy pecuniary responsibility they incur, in sending suspected vessels to the United States for trial, who have no stronger proofs of their guilt than '*suspicious circumstances*;' unless, indeed, Congress passes a law which shall protect them in the event of their captures not being condemned. As matters now stand, it is almost an utter impossibility to condemn a vessel, unless she is taken with the slaves on board, or unless it can be proved beyond a doubt that she came upon the coast to engage in the transportation of slaves. Seizing a vessel because she has a cargo on board which may or may not be used in the purchase of slaves, will be, as it always has been, hurtful; an exceedingly unfortunate undertaking for any of our officers to engage in. The decision of the judge in the trial of the above-mentioned brig presents the case in as open a light as possible, and has established a precedent; and not until a law is passed, that vessels found with a water-cask too many on board, or with a cargo composed of such articles as farina, calicoes, fancy articles, guns, cutlasses, pistols, powder, etc., (which alone can be used for trading purposes in Africa, money being of no use,) shall be condemned as carrying contraband goods and illegal tenders, will it be safe for captains of cruisers to make captures on suspicion; and then they may seize and send home for trial *every* vessel that now sails under the American flag to the coast of Africa, with perfect impunity, and without fear of the result. The injustice, tyranny, and absurdity of such a law would appear upon the face of it, and no sensible body of men would ever be prevailed on to enact it. The American flag is, without doubt, even now often used for the purpose of carrying slaves from the coast; but I believe very few, if any, of the vessels carrying this protection are commanded by American masters, or worked by American crews.

Let us look at the manner in which, for the lust of gain, some of our ship-masters—yes, and even some of our large commercial houses in New York, Boston, and other cities—aid and abet this accursed slave-trade, and disgrace our glorious flag, by allowing it to wave as a protection over that greatest of horrors, a slave-ship. It is the custom for numbers of American vessels to sail from Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and other ports in the Brazils, and even Cuba, under a charter to go to the coast of Africa, carrying an outward cargo and such passengers as the charterers may see fit to put on board, and to return to the port they sailed from, with the cargo which may be given them by the agents of the charterers in Africa. They will make perhaps one or two trips to the coast, and return each time with a cargo of African produce, such as camwood, gums, ivory, etc., and soon become pretty well known to the armed cruisers of the various squadrons, who look upon them as honest and legal traders, and cease to watch them as closely as they would a vessel that had come upon the coast for the first time. By-and-by one of these vessels comes out again. The agents of the charterers find that the coast is clear, and that a good opportunity is offered to ship slaves to their houses

on the other side of the water. They make an offer to the captain (sometimes a very large one) to buy his vessel. He accepts it, receives his pay, signs the receipts, and, delivering the vessel up to the new owners, goes on shore with his officers and crew, or such part of them as do not wish to remain on board, and *he* is clear of her. The slaves are hurried on board the vessel, she is given into the charge of a Brazilian master and crew, who are generally the passengers she has just brought over on her outward voyage, and, with the 'Stars and Stripes' still floating at the peak, she leaves the coast in safety.

It would be ridiculous to say that the American captain is not a party to this infamous business, from beginning to end; for he would be a fool not to know the uses to which the vessel will be put when she leaves his hands. But how is the law to reach and punish him? A man can sell his property when and where he likes,\* and cannot be made to criminate himself, by confessing that he knew he was aiding and abetting an illegal traffic. It would be, also, a very tyrannous act, to pass a law that no master should sell his vessel on the coast of Africa; for cases might arise where there would be no probability of her being used in the slave-trade, of opportunities to sell one's ship or vessel to great advantage, which would be prevented by such a law; thereby preventing an owner's acting according to his interest, and striking a blow at commerce.

I would suggest, in order to check, as far as possible, this gross abuse, the establishment by our Government of several commercial agencies along the coast, and particularly on those parts where the slave-trade chiefly exists, before whom it should be made obligatory upon every ship-master, who wishes to sell his vessel, to appear, showing cause for the sale, and to whom and for what purposes the vessel is to be sold; the master to receive from such agent an official permission for the sale, and, in return, to deliver up all the ship's papers and documents relating to the sale, to be transmitted to the State-Department at Washington, as soon as the vessel leaves his hands.

Such a law would prove a very salutary check upon a ship-master, and be pretty sure to prevent his making a sale of his ship to any one whom he knew or suspected would employ her in an occupation that he knows is considered and treated as piracy in the United States. If, notwithstanding this, however, he should still choose to sell his vessel, knowing that, at the first opportunity, she will put to sea with a human cargo, the fact would surely transpire, and a stigma be placed to his name at home and abroad, from the effects of which he would hardly be able to raise his head above water, or engage in any honorable pursuit during the remainder of his life. Another, but not so sure a way, to prevent the sale of American vessels for slaving purposes, would be to watch every vessel from the time she arrives on the coast until she leaves it; but the utter inability and unfitness of the United States African Squadron to perform this service, as it is now organized, is apparent, when it is known that our whole force on the coast of Africa has never, at any time, exceeded five vessels, which it is absurd and ridiculous in the extreme to suppose can watch an extent of sea-board of between three and four thou-

\* EXCEPTING in the State of Maine.

sand miles. Of the manner, however, by which this work could be approximately well done, by a reorganization of the African Squadron on an entirely new plan, and which should not cost the Government one cent more than they now expend on the present worthless force, I shall hereafter offer my views for whatever they may be worth, in the hope that the present yearly expenditure of, perhaps, a million of dollars, for the purpose of suppressing an accursed traffic, may be turned to some really useful account in the same direction.

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M E M O R Y .

THE up-hill path of human life,  
 Strown as it is with cares and grief,  
 Affords, to retrospective glance,  
 A thousand joys as we advance.  
 Sorrows that many a tear-drop drew,  
 Seem blessings in the distant view;  
 And pleased we see them, as they fade,  
 Settled and softened into shade;  
 As setting sun on mountain sides  
 Lights up the trees, the bushes hides.

The downward-looking, these alone  
 See every briar, every stone;  
 At each advancing step complain  
 How hard their lot is, 'full of pain:'  
 Their eyes are ever on the ground;  
 They never look above, around,  
 Nor think who sends to them the breeze,  
 Who rears for shade the stately trees,  
 Who warms their blood, who lends them breath,  
 Whose voice it is they murmur with:  
 A foe to these, both stern and sly,  
 Is gloomy, sullen Memory!

When steps grow short, and nerves relax,  
 Senility's perpetual tax,  
 Shall cheerful Memory, bright-eyed boy,  
 Forgetting pain and feeling joy,  
 With laughing face and light foot come,  
 And tell me of my early home,  
 Where dawned my first young hopes and fears,  
 Remembrances of sixty years?

That old house, with piazza new,  
 The orchard, where the peaches grew;  
 The well, all mossy, dark, and deep,  
 The old oak bucket, pole, and sweep;  
 The pear-tree, by a father planted,  
 The church, where psalms were weekly chanted;  
 The hospitable cider-mill,  
 Where boys with straws might drink their fill;  
 The village green, where great and small  
 Were each engaged in playing ball;



That east-field gate, so seldom still,  
Across the road to HOLLY's mill;  
What fun it was — I've often done it —  
That interdicted ride upon it!  
Its first vibrations wide and strong,  
Like heedless youth they swept along,  
With gravitation at a strife —  
An emblem apt of human life;  
Weaker was each successive swing,  
Like aged footsteps tottering,  
Till, by incumbent weight oppressed,  
It settled, trembling, to its rest.

That school-house in its sober gray,  
Its huge stone chimney, laid in clay;  
The seat a low, rough, white-oak slab,  
On which I studied *a, b, ab*;  
That hour-glass, with slow-ebbing sand;  
That ferule, ensign of command;  
That long and taper, smooth red-willow,  
Each morning cut in neighboring hollow,  
Duly set up that all might fear it —  
Old BUSBY's birch-rod could n't 'peer it.'  
That teacher, bald, with shaggy brow,  
And shoulders high, and forehead low;  
His mouth, with corners drooping down,  
Gave force to his terrific frown:  
He was severe in time of need —  
We feared and loved old Master WEED.

When came the last sands in the glass,  
The last long word to spelling-class,  
DILWORTH shut up with careful heed,  
And the last words of Master WEED,  
Allowing all to sport and play  
On afternoon of Saturday;  
Then was the time to dance and sing,  
And for forgetting every thing.  
Those same half-Saturdays, how dear!  
The brightest week-days of the year.

On such a day, in meadow-brook,  
My first trout struggled on my hook:  
A fish with spots all round and bright,  
A pound, by old King PRIAM's weight!  
More proud was I than ancient knight,  
Who, conqueror in a 'heady fight,'  
Hastened his lady-love to meet,  
And lay his trophies at her feet:  
By my achievement higher raised,  
A mother smiled, a father praised!

And now, when years fly fast and faster,  
That same old school-house, and its master,  
With every crack and crevice in it,  
Before me stand this very minute;  
And all the pains I ever took  
To master DILWORTH's spelling-book  
Are nothing to that school-house gray,  
And its stone chimney, laid in clay.

*Albany, Sept., 1851.*

## H O M E .

INSCRIBED TO 'M. H.' OF THE 'SUNNY SOUTH.'


WINTER, with you, is a stream of delight;  
 With us 'tis a river all frozen and tight:  
 SUMMER, up here, is a frolicsome fay;  
 With you, 't is a blistering simoom at play:  
 Take the whole year with its summer and winter,  
*Each* thinks that the *other* can't match, nor begin to.  
 Why do we differ so sadly, I pray?  
 'Tis 'HOME' that turns all the 'bad months' into MAY.  
 'RIVER BARD.'

## Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF SANCTISSIMA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, WHICH  
 MAY BE SEEN IN THE PAROCHIAL CHURCH OF SAN MARZIALE, IN VENICE.

'JAMAIS nous ne goutons de parfaite allegresse,  
 Nos plus heureux succès, sont mêlés de tristesse.' LE CIE: CORNEILLE.

MANY have been the instances of love, of partiality, and protection which the city of Venice has experienced from the most holy MARY; among which is particularly distinguished that which happened in the year 1186, as an ancient and authentic tradition relates. During the pontificate of Nicolas IV., in the territory of Rimini, lived a simple shepherd, named RUSTICO, devoted to the VIRGIN MARY, who, having one day conducted his sheep to pasture, while resting in the shade of a wood, noticed the trunk of a tree in which nature had, as it were jestingly, roughly expressed a feminine configuration. Thinking that this might easily be made to represent the holy image of MARY, he began to carve, and in a few days had brought the work nearly to perfection, when suddenly he found the whole spoiled; and the good man, not knowing how this could have happened, stood in grief and trouble, almost on the point of desisting from the undertaking, when there suddenly appeared before him two youths, who at once showed him a method by which he might still complete the work designed. Rustico, not recognizing them at first, smiled at their words, but finally, out of good-nature, permitted them to work upon it, which they accordingly did, and, in a short time, perfected the majestic and much-to-be-venerated image. Then he well knew that they could not be other than two angels, sent from heaven, who at once enjoined upon him that he should carry the image to the bishop of the city and the governor, and tell them the will of the VIRGIN in this matter, which was, that it be placed in a boat without rudder, and left to swim at the disposition of PROVIDENCE. Of which the bishop being

informed, he ordered a solemn procession, but strove to evade the command, being desirous of retaining the holy image, and placing it in the cathedral of his city; when——a wonderful prodigy!—the statue became so heavy and immovable, that they were obliged to desist from the resolution taken, and, placing it in a little boat, left it alone far out at sea, on which, with a prosperous gale, and accompanied by many vessels from Rimini, filled with those desirous of witnessing the result, it floated to the borders of our lagune; passing which, through the canal called *Sacca della Misericordia*, it bent its course to the bank of the church of San Marziale, where it stopped. Upon which stood a poor blind man, with his son, who was dumb from his birth; and the pair begged alms from those passing by. But as the bark drew near which held the miraculous image, the tongue of the son was loosened, and he bade his father prostrate himself before the adorable MARY, from whom he would receive sight. At which miracle, those present were greatly astonished; and the parish priest (*il Paroco*) being informed thereof, communicated the news to Bartolommeo Querini, the then bishop, who ordered them to bear the holy image in the boat to the cathedral, which the Paroco and several priests essayed to do, but were hindered by a renewal of the same miracle which had taken place in Rimini. Of which the prelate being informed, and the will of MARY recognized, the sacred image was raised by the united efforts of Giovanni Dandolo, then Doge, and many other noblemen, and placed in the church of San Marziale, to receive great honor. Many were the acclamations, the voices of jubilee, and the thanks rendered up by all the people for the benefits received by them, every day on which they assembled to honor the sacred image, which dispensed benefits and favors to such a degree as to become celebrated throughout Venice; and whoever desired a blessing of MARY, sought this church to obtain it. And the high pontiffs, moved by the extraordinary prodigies effected by God, at the intercession of the MOST HOLY MARY, enriched the said church with various indulgences; among which, Clement XIV. granted plenary indulgence in the year 1773, beginning on the day of the twenty-fifth of June, until the ninth of July, applicable also to the defunct.

Nor would the partiality, the love, the beneficence of MARY have in any wise diminished since those times, had the eagerness of the faithful to honor her, and celebrate with obsequiousness her name, been greater than it now is.

The clergyman of said church, therefore, desiring to increase the devotion to that great MOTHER of Grace, and to animate the faithful to assemble confidently under her protection and especial grace, has desired to make generally known the history of that miraculous image, and thus inspire the Venetian people to reverence it. Do not cease, devotees of MARY, to show yourselves such to her; honoring her with your devotion, meeting frequently in her praise, obtaining with your offerings the greater worship of her altar; thus exhibiting by your piety that devotion which has so much distinguished you from other people.

N. B. All our ancient chroniclers speak of the said image, and the celebrated Flaminio Comer, in his learned Illustrations of the Venetian

Churches, narrates its history. The same author also published a work on the most celebrated images of MARY in the city and territory of Venice, in which he speaks of it, at page thirty-one, and from which the present narration is extracted, (Zatta, 1761.) There are, also, yet in our church authentic pictures of the Roman school of the sixteenth century, which represent the event as narrated; and there is, also, a picture of the same age of the Venetian school, which records its arrival.

As late as the year 1839, several persons, moved by tender devotion for the Most Holy VIRGIN, whose undoubted patronage they had experienced by having had recourse to that holy image, and also an entire typographical institute, has, under the glorious title of S'a Maria delle Grazie, selected her as protectress, having conceived the desire of continually seeing her more honored, and to thus increase the number of sons who especially reverence their tender mother.

PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN MARIA DELLE GRAZIE.

'HOLY MARY, Mother of God, and always Virgin, who, in visiting ELISABETH, didst sanctify the Baptist by the blessed fruit of thy womb, JESUS; grant that, despising earthly things, I may be enabled to choose thee for my protectress and advocate, and may my mind be thus sanctified by thy presence. I intend with firmness to faithfully serve thee, and through thy protection to love and honor thee, as thou dost love and honor thy divine SON. I pray thee to receive me into the number of thy servants, to aid me in all my actions to do the will of God, and not to abandon me in the hour of my death. May it thus be!'

I HAD hoped to finish the sheet and the evening with the above prayer, but, being disappointed, will briefly inform you, John Reader, on the bit remaining, that the gondoliers of Venice are divided into two factions, termed *Castelli* and *Nicoletti*; that they are still the confidants of half the love-intrigues, and consequently of nearly all the rascality of the place; that Venice, instead of rotting into its canals, is a bright, lively city, doing a good business, with as many inhabitants as it ever had; that Saint Mark's Place is infinitely more romantic and picturesque by gas-light than during the day; and that in the city of the Doges I saw fewer pretty women than in any other town in Italy. In confirmation of which remark, permit me to sing you the following ditty:

IDOHETHRASTIPEJALDENPEALE.

'Come over the bourne, Bessy, to me!  
Her boat hath a leak,  
And she may not speak;  
Oh, she DARE not come over to thee!'

JACK SPUR.

RIP-HURRAH, AND SLOPSASA!

THROUGH mud and water, thick and thin,  
Go roll a full-grown hoghead in.  
One, two, three, for luck I rap it:  
Who will be the first to tap it?  
He was glorious — down went he!  
Thou art glorious, that I see;  
I am not, *but soon shall be*.  
And as he knocked around the bung,  
They found, alack! a stave was sprung.  
O Sacramento! — DOMINE!  
Now who will save my wine and me?  
Out came the liquor with a run,  
And drowned the brethren every one,  
Who, floating light as any feather,  
Went bobbing round, like corks, together.

'FALSE love, and hast thou played me thus,  
In summer, among the flowers?  
I will repay thee back again  
In winter, among the showers:  
Unless again — again, my love,  
Unless you turn again:  
As you with other maidens rove,  
I'll rove with other men.'

S C A L T E R W O T T.

'ALA eggami lou yelyny  
Berzouh ana ma aslah.'

ARAB SONG.

'Sae wantonlie, sae dantoulie,  
Sae rantonly gaed he,  
He played a spring and danced a round  
Beneath the gallows-tree;  
IS TE VOGLIO BENE ASSAI,  
*E tu non piezz' à mè:*  
Last nighte the queene had four MARIES,  
To-nighte she'll have but three:  
There was MARY SETOUN, MARY BEATOUN,  
MARIE CAR-MICHAEL and me.  
And three merry men, and three merry men,  
And three merry men were we.  
'*In te sperari*  
Vous la voyez-vous l'entendez,  
Vous vous croyez bien avec elle;  
Mais pas de tout — parceque tout à coup,  
Elle vous fait la rebelle.' — C'EST MA NINI.

Deuce take that *Swine* with his *New Organ*! You comprehend, do you? In France they call them *Orgues de Barbarie*, from the barbarous manner in which they torment gentlemen trying to write. Well, as I was saying, ('*Allons, enfans de la Patrie!*') things will turn out in this chapter, probably, better than I expected.

'THE LORD be praised!  
I'm much amazed  
To see how things have mended;  
Short-cakes and tea  
For supper you'll see,  
Where froth and gas was intended.'

How one train of thought alternates with another!

One evening, after a glorious pic-nic to the Armenian Convent, and a glance at the old monk who had been Byron's preceptor in oriental tongues, the gondolas of our party were gliding silently among the canals, and past the churches and palaces of the city. And, as the moon shone, the oars plashed, the water surged, while cloudlets went floating by in the blue heavens, we were all very happy and sentimental. The Wolf had just narrated his favorite and terrific Venetian legend of Professor Nordenholm and the enchanted elephant. Young C. was giving Miss Coralie a brief abstract of Schiller's Ghost-seer, while the Russian gentleman and his *cousine* conversed in a low tone, rapidly and earnestly, in their native tongue; the subject of their communications being, undoubtedly, either that of early scenes of love, night, and beauty in their own distant land, or the last card-party at Marchesa C.'s. At last, pretty Miss L., fairly melting with romance, let her small, white hand, sparkling with diamonds, trail in the water, while, sinking back, she sighed forth from Moore:

'Ox such a blessed night as this,  
I often think, if friends were near,  
How we should feel and gaze with bliss  
Upon the moon-light scenery here.'

At this the fat old gentleman became evidently deeply affected; I could see a tear of sentiment steal down his cheek, as, gazing at the moon, he quoted from Dr. Johnson:

— 'THE Queen of Night  
Round us pours a lambent light;  
Light that seems but just to show  
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.'

'*Vogue la Galere,*' whispered C., as the Chevalier replied, from the Siege of Corinth:

'Tis midnight: o'er the distant town,  
The cold, round moon shines deeply down:  
Blue roll the waters; blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright.'

We are all *moon-struck*, thought I, as Mrs. C.'s gentle, beautiful voice came in from Leigh Hunt, with:

'AND the clear moon, with meek o'erlifted face,  
Seems come to look into the silvering place!'

'*Ha!* have we all taken lodgings in the *Rue de la Lune!*' cried Coralie, laughing, and then caroling,

'*Au clair de la Lune!*'

Just then our gondolas swept past the house inhabited by our banker. Extending his hands, the Wolf exclaimed, with touching pathos, from Shakspeare:

'How sweet the moonlight rests upon the BANK!'

'*Chut!*' cried Coralie. '*Zanetta, cara mia,*' she continued, addressing her beautiful and silent Venetian friend, 'can you not give us a song of the Lagunes?' Without coughing or apologizing, the *Siora* took the guitar (every pic-nic has a guitar) and sang with a sweet, expressive voice, in Venetian:

'Amor si xe un putelo,  
Ma siesta maledeto;  
Un gran birbon ti xe:  
Mi povero gramnaza,  
Tropo mi son fidada:  
E ti ma la ficada,  
Come che va a la fè.

'Ma questo xe un castigo,  
Lo vedo schieto é neto,  
E questo xe un efeto,  
De la mia crudelta;

'Caveme de sto intrigo,  
Caro el mio caro orbeto;  
Faro mi te prometo,  
Quelo che ti vorà.'

As her voice died away into the rustling wavelets, it seemed to me that life had never before seemed so bright and gentle—love, music, and flowers!

Suddenly two gondolas shot round the corner, and from the one pealed forth, with hip-hurrah, yells and cries:

'G-g-go it while you're young,  
F-f-for when you get old you ca-can't;  
Let Scandal hold her t-tongue,  
And bid dull Care avaunt!

'Last night I was out late,  
The truth I m-must declare;  
This morn'n, I do n't know how,  
A' was up before the Mayor;



Says he, 'Sir, you've had your fun,  
And now you must pay for't!'  
Says I, 'Very well, Mister Mayor,  
But then you know you ought  
To'—'

Chorus by the entire company as Mayor, *in basso* :

'ORTER *wot* !'

'Ought to—*go it*—while you're young,  
For when yer git old ye can't;  
Let Scandal hold her tongue,  
And bid dull Care *avaunt* !'

While from the other came a mixed accompaniment of '*Row gently here, my Gondolier*,' and the venerable, if not respectable air of

'We won't go home till morning,  
Till day-light doth appear!'

'This is infamous, perfectly *infamous*,' cried our fat little old gentleman, thus rudely awakened from his sweet reverie, and poking out his head at them.

'*Got a cigar, old fellow?*' screamed one of the convivialists.

'You deserve to be hung,' retorted the little man, in a great fury. To which the party in full chorus replied by continuing their song :

'Old men could n't go it,  
Were they to be swung;  
Their looks and actions show it:  
So—*go it*—while you're young!'

'What *are* those animals?' inquired the Chevalier, eyeing the departing gondolas through his *lorgnon*.

'A mixed party of Beefs and Universals from the two hotels,' replied C.

'Of what?'

'Of the common run of English and Yankees, I suppose,' said I, answering for C.

'Yes,' replied the Wolf, 'and fortunately for the good name of the latter, they are, as usual, by far the minority. With all the *fastness* of the Anglo-American, he never succeeds in making himself as much of a fool as a *rowdy* John Bull.'

'They appear to be very merry,' exclaimed Coralie, with French thoughtlessness. '*Je n'aime pas moi, la tristesse!*' And if I were a gentleman, I would be among them.'

'If *they* were gentlemen, they would be in company with Mademoiselle Coralie,' gallantly replied the Chevalier.

'*Dieu! que vous êtes gentil*,' replied the Parisienne. 'What an ornament you are to the gondola! Is it necessary to embroider a smoking-cap, knit you a purse, work you slippers, or paint you a brigand?'

'I will accept the first full of cigars, the second of bank-bills, the third with your feet in them, and have the fourth painted as myself—stealing a heart.'

'What a delightful creature it is!' replied Coralie, as in a soliloquy; 'always merry, playful, innocent, and light-hearted. Oh, Monsieur, were you educated in the *salons* of Paris, or brought up in a nursery with your younger sisters, that you are at the same time so *naïf* and so

*rusée?* Don't you know that with the second alone you can always obtain'—

'What? *the other three?*' asked the Chevalier, as I thought, with a faint dash of eager hope.

'Oh no! their equivalents.'

'Any thing equal to Miss Coralie does not exist,' was the reply.

[Aside.] '*In evasion*, I mean.'

I cannot tear myself loose from Venice. My head still wavers with its waters. Time and tide permitting, I should in this chapter, after lying among the pots of the world, have silvered up a little; like a duck, have taken unto myself the wings of the morning, and flown to the outside-edge of the Impossible. Already my soul hovered, like a golden star, between the glowing morning-land of the Past and the dim evening-land of the Future. From afar rung the voices of the rosy Hours. I was within an ace of the beatified vision:

'FULLY justified, I  
Did ride through the sky,  
Nor envied ERIK his seat:  
Then my soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet!'

('Can you look me in the face—and say—the *sa-ame*, John? No!') In fact, I was about, in a Plotinian ecstasy, to lose myself in the mystery of unintelligibility, and what George Sand calls the divinity of madness. ('*Moonlight hours were made for love.*') But fortunately, hearing from this super-terrestrial elevation the voice of Antonio, the waiter in the *Trattorie del Capello*, humming the profane ditty of *Padre Francesco*, my soul at once drew together like a collapsed bladder, ('*I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee,*') folded her wings about her, and slode down to earth as sheepishly (*Carlotta Grisi Polka*) as if her mistress had caught her coquetting with a chimney-sweep. ('*Thou, thou reign'st in this bosom.*')

#### DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

COME with me now, and see the grim Old Year;  
His brow is paleness, and his features fear;  
Come see him sicken, linger, wither, pine:  
His final day has come. The clock strikes nine.  
But hark! the Old Year speaks! what doth he say?  
'Come near, my friends, come near without delay.  
My race is short—shorter than that of men—  
And soon I must *depart*.' The clock strikes ten.  
'And what's my life?—the expiring taper's gleam:  
My life, this life—oh, short—how short it seems!  
I'm feeble now, as if three-score and seven;  
A tottering, trembling form!—the clock strikes eleven.  
'Oh! wipe the death-damps from my quivering brow!  
And is this death that steals upon me now?  
And is it thus for twelve long months I've delved?'  
A shriek—a groan—a sigh! The clock strikes twelve!

October, 1851. Amherst College.

CHARLES LEIAND PORTER.

## S T A N Z A S

TO AN ORANGE-TREE RECEIVED FROM THE WEST INDIES LATE IN AUTUMN.

From thine Eden of the sea,  
Hapless tree!  
Where eternal Summer smiles  
On the green Caribbean isles,  
Borne to this ungenial clime  
In the scowling autumn time;  
Poor forlorn one, be of cheer,  
Hope is here!

Thou shalt find a friend in me,  
Outcast tree,  
Who will bear thee from the storm  
To a shelter snug and warm;  
An asylum winter-proof,  
When the snow is on the roof,  
Or the sleet comes down amain  
On the pane.

Few delights, in sooth, to boast  
At the most,  
Has our little, plain retreat,  
In its unpretending street;  
Save a bird or two, a lute,  
Pleasant books and nooks to suit,  
And three pictures on the wall —  
These are all.

Yet, while sadness rules the year  
Far and near,  
Thou shalt sit beside my hearth,  
And its music and its mirth  
From thy memory shall beguile  
E'en the charms of that dear isle,  
Whose enchantment softly gleams  
On thy dreams.

And the nook assigned to thee,  
It shall be  
Just the soothest, sunniest spot  
On the noon-side of our cot,  
Where, throughout the winter day,  
Little prattling ones shall play  
'Mid the leafy shades so sweet,  
At thy feet.

Therefore, prithee, come with me,  
Hapless tree;  
And beneath my lowly roof,  
Let thy greeting be a proof  
That the peasant's humble door  
To the wretched evermore  
With as wide a welcome swings  
As a king's!

November, 1851.

W. P. P.

## A F R E S H S T A R T .

BY REV. JOHN W. MEARS.

BUT first a tender remembrance for those who will not start with us. A sigh and a tear for those who, for the first time, are left behind by the opening year. A word to their memory ere we commit ourselves to the on-rushing tide of time, that will soon hurry us to where the lustre of their names and their deeds will show like mere points in the distance. Ye sacred Dead! come around us, and make this an hour of still and hallowed remembrance, while we suffer your images to rise upon our thoughts, and give them one more opportunity to vindicate to themselves a place in our ever-narrowing memories! For the world will even move on as before. The stars at night and the sun in the morning will show no sign of grief. The scenes of life, to you expunged and razed, will be just as various and changeful; the interests of business and of pleasure will be just as numerous and as complicated as when you were in their midst, forming a great part of them all.

The warblers of the wood will pour forth their melodies with as much unreserve; they will chant their loud orisons and their sweet vespers just as if AUDUBON were by to drink them in with rare appreciative ears. They will spread out their gaudy plumage, and revel and display their beautiful forms and proportions, as if his just vision were catching, and his truthful hand preparing to repeat, the delicate portraiture.

Day after day and night after night the Ocean will unfold his ample glories, still great in storm or in calm, unmindful that the enthusiastic heart of COLTON will no more swell with rapture at the sublime vicissitude. Along the thoroughfares of our great metropolis, the tide and tramp of business will pass to and fro as restlessly, and the announcement of startling news from all quarters, far and near, of crimes, of wars, of discovery, will be made with the same clamor and importunity: there will be the same

‘UNIVERSAL hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused:’

but their loud vehemence will for ever assault the ear of the watchful and the kindly NOAH in vain.

And will the living keep in kindly remembrance the name of him whose distinguished labors were among the remnants of the dead, the ingenious and the acute craniologist, MORRIS; the true verifier, by examination of Egyptian *skulls*, of what Egyptian *hands* have, with less clearness and intelligibility, attempted to record?

But ah! him—the first great example in the great cause of American literature—even for him the wide primeval forests and the broad prairies of the west will give no token of mourning! They will go on shedding and renewing their foliage, and spreading their ocean of blooms to the eye of the unheeding, worldly spectator; and the Indian will still put his arrow to his bow-string, unconcerned for him who first surrounded his form and his movements with poetry, and who made his life a romance

for the world. There are thoughts that struggle against the mention of his name.

These, and many more that we might honorably mention, will not start with us in the New-Year. The lists are crowded. The aspirants are ready, but *their* wonted places are vacant. We cannot wait for them; we need not long for them; we may not even grieve too deeply for them. Inexorable Time is urging us onward, and new and absorbing scenes, and trials, and duties are claiming our attention.

Ho! then, for the New-Year! A fresh start of the living in the opening New-Year! A fresh start in business, a fresh start in literature, a fresh start in character, for the on-coming New-Year! Casting from the mind whatever is most perplexing and dissatisfying to think of; excluding from memory all such reminiscences of failures in the past as would embarrass our free movements in the future; forgetting indeed that we ever existed in the past, to be guilty of its manifold follies, of its egregious blunders, of its conscience-provoking sins, let us, one and all, make a fresh start in the unknown, promising New-Year.

A fresh start in business. Brood heavily no more over the sad scene of stranded fortunes. Chastise thyself sorely no more for those wrong movements which thou needest not and which thou oughtest not to have made. Up, man, from that lethargy of sunken hopes, and broken aspirations, and wasted ambition! The merciful God giveth thee a New-Year. Arise and take a new hold upon those means which again He giveth into thy hands. Thou darest not affirm that the future will be even as the past. The past may be lost, but the future is all to gain. The past may be marred with errors and misdeeds; the future is without a blemish. The past is man's, the future is in the heart of God. Wherefore thou mayest not despair of it.

Wherefore, too, thou shalt lay aside that taint of sordidness that, unconsciously to thyself, has been gathering upon thy nature in past years. Thou wouldst have repelled its approach in the early years of thy business with indignation. But take heed! If it be not retarded, it will even grow like a hard coral reef around the green island of thy heart. Henceforth let a spirit be manifested in thy daily life which shall show that thou hast taken a fresh start. Henceforth let the weal of thy city and thy land be comprehended in the scope of thine enlarged and ennobled aims. Henceforth let no deserving enterprise waver and decline for lack of thy assistance.

A fresh start in literature! Hold thy pen steadily while the air around thee hums and vibrates with the clangor of the midnight bells: there is an omen in the sound. The blows of that hammer are strokes of fate. They shall ring in a new degree in the triumphal procession of ideas; they shall ring out the expiring forms and imperfect methods of the past. Listen but devoutly, and in their rich tones thou shalt catch the promise of new and nobler births in the world of letters. Listen but thoughtfully, and in their dying fall thou shalt hear the passing of all that has been unskillfully and unworthily done.

And in that cadence let thy indolence, and indifference, and light-mindedness for ever pass away. Let that prophetic peal arouse thee from thy vain dreams and thine idle fancies. Let it summon new vigor into

thy languid pulse. Let its stirring vibrations repeat themselves in thy blood, and quicken and nerve thee to high endeavors.

And let thy doubt, and thy fear, and thy timidity take flight at the cheerful sound. Come forward with thine interpretation of the divine idea. Say out boldly what is in thee to say. Take a fresh start, thou that hitherto hast been deterred by the cold looks and unappreciative criticisms of thine elders, or that hast beheld with dismay and with sinking of spirits the rude, jostling crowd through which thy path lies, and over whose importunate clamor thou must be heard, if at all. The new year is thine to make the bold attempt. It is all open before thee, with its newness and freshness, inviting thee to things unattempted before.

But thou, O disconsolate one! that sittest apart; whose heart is but the urn of shattered hopes and decaying ambition; whose thrice-smitten harp-strings have not yielded the electric tone; who beholdest the immortal bays descend upon other brows; who reckonest how many are incomprehensibly in advance of thee, and givest up, almost as is the giving up of the ghost, thy most intimate and precious hopes of honorable fame; hast thou not heard a whisper from the great and sacred future? Is there not a breath of its reorganizing wind about thy chaotic soul? Knowest thou not what seeds of promise it brings in its generous bosom? This year may be thy year of jubilee. Along thy path this year, if thou wilt receive them, may be found those very fountains of inspiration, unsealed and gushing, which hitherto thou hast looked from side to side to discover in vain. It may be, through the stratum of this year, runs the vein of golden reputation, which one or two blows more will reveal to thy strained and weary vision. Until this year, thy soul has struggled with the low and painful conditions of immaturity: a fresh start may at once inaugurate thy vigorous and well-proportioned manhood.

O grieved and dejected one! forget thy failures, which are of the past; forget the humbling tokens of inferiority, which the past only can give, but to which the future will not be sworn; forget thy past inadequacy in portraying the formless sublimities that float in thy mind; utterly forget thine unsuccessful self. Disburden thy memory of that crushing weight of painful reminiscences. Refuse from the past every thing it offers, save its lessons of experience, and start like a new man in the new year.

A fresh start in character. Shed thy tears over thy past offences, and be done. Let thy contrition be deep and true, but let it have an end. Be not the less faithful to confess, but the more zealous to resolve. No! no! thou needest not open thy mouth, nor utter only a word. I know already the sad tale thou wouldst but repeat to me: the resolutions broken, the opportunities slighted, the hard words spoken; the absurd, the vindictive, the unworthy passions indulged; the permitted sway and oppression of evil habits. Ah me! is it not a leaf from the dark records of my own memory that I hear thee expounding? There is unsteadiness in the pursuit of the good; there is persistence in cleaving to the pleasures of an hour, the bane of a life-time; there are incoherency, and uncertainty, and slackness in all movements for our true and total welfare; there is sharpness, there is alacrity, there is dramatic contiguity in all the particulars of a scheme for our own narrow advantage. For heaven above,

how much have we purposed and begun?—for earth beneath, how much more have we accomplished, and in what grand style? Self-reproach is, indeed, the justest of sentiments. And if we dwell long upon that picture thrown down in the dark chamber of our conscience, will not the vision of lonely, barren wastes, watered with brackish streams of stalwart, offensive weeds; of luxuriant, poisonous vines; of unfinished structures; of neglected foundations; of broken and prostrate columns; dishearten us, unbind our strength, and cast us down to an impracticable depth below the level of a fresh start?

Let us have done with all this. Let us forget the marred and blotted page of the past. Behold! the clean white page of the future is unfolding before us. In the rustle of the leaves of the great book of time, let us forget our contemptible scrawls, and let us contemplate the opening page in the single feature of its unlimited capacity to receive whatever writing we may put upon it. There, upon that lustrous page, record thy better deeds. There enter thy warmer conflict with the evil within thee. There set down thy name, to rush upon the stern old warders that keep the castle-gate, on whose top the crowned and radiant victors are walking to and fro in thy sight. There indicate thine aspirations for ennobling communion with the Archetype of all Good. There, upon that page, all innocent of the blots and errors of the past, write thyself A BETTER MAN.

Thus, whatever be our position and calling; whatever be our past discouragements; whatever be our losses in business, our failures in literature, our short-comings in morals and in religion, let us embrace the opening New-Year with faith and with hope. Let our hearts swell at the untold possibilities of good which it brings with it. Let us renew our existence with the renewal of the year. Let us enter upon the new season as if for the first time in our lives. Let us take 'A FRESH START.'

#### W I N T E R B I R D S .

YE Switzers of the pluméd race,  
Brave dwellers in the snowy heights!  
Whom savage Winter's frowning face,  
Nor threat of angry sough affrights:  
Where earth is bound in icy chains,  
Ye feast on freedom's rich repast,  
And strangely blend your festive strains  
With wailings of the northern blast.

Like angels, to the waning Year,  
Ye chirp through all his dying hours,  
His poor old freezing heart to cheer  
With music's vivifying powers.  
Thus hopes will stay their autumn flight,  
And sing amid the snows of age,  
To give the prisoned soul delight,  
And all its severing pangs assuage.

Buffalo, December, 1851.

J. CLEMENT.



## S T A N Z A S .

## 'I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

'At Miss BULLOCK's request, I have copied the following lines, which she has composed for you. I was one day reading to her, from the preface to the 'Literary Remains of the late WILLIS GARLORD CLARK,' some of the closing incidents of his life. When I came to the place where he repeated to his clergyman the sentence from the burial-service, 'I know that my REDEEMER liveth,' etc., she at once interrupted me by saying: 'I shall write something on that.' Subsequently, I think, she saw you in an omnibus, and spoke to you something about the matter. I have copied them to please her. She is a happy little creature, and has a great deal of poetic feeling about her. I send it to you just as she repeated it to me. NOTE FROM 'T. D. C.' TO THE EDITOR.

## I.

As a lovely flower, revealing  
Fragrance to the dews of even,  
Tunes to praise each holier feeling,  
Lifts each wandering thought to heaven:  
So, inspired with faith and love,  
The Christian dies to soar above.

## II.

Time is ebbing: life is fading  
Like the hues of light away;  
Words of fond endearment lading  
Lips that may not longer stay:  
Know we thy REDEEMER lives;  
His pitying ear thy prayer receives.

## III.

Friends are weeping: in life's morning,  
Ere its spring had vanished quite,  
All the fount of love was gushing:  
Must it lose thy smile of light?  
Glow with faith thy death-damp brow;  
Thy REDEEMER liveth now.

## IV.

Love, with perfumed breath eternal,  
Round thy path its sweetness flung,  
Kept thy young heart pure and vernal,  
Touched with ecstasy thy tongue:  
Taught thy harp His praise to sing,  
Thy REDEEMER, GOD, and KING!

## V.

Bear we, then, each earth-born sorrow,  
Since its bitter ashes are  
Light of faith, celestial morrow,  
CHRIST the bright and morning-star.  
Thy REDEEMER lives, we know;  
Cease, our burning tears, to flow!

*Institute for the Blind, Dec. 9th, 1851.*

## ALMACK'S DOWN EAST:.

OR, A NIGHT AT A COUNTRY BALL.

In my younger days, I passed many merry nights at balls and parties, and hope to pass many more before I die, although I must confess at times an incipient wrinkle reminds me that I am growing too old for the follies of life. I should like vastly to live my ball-days over again. It would be much pleasanter than penmanship — 'this present writing,' as they say in letters. Where are the young ladies that were so sweet upon me in those days, and where is the money it cost me to be 'sweet' with? Gone — all gone! The young ladies have become old maids, or happy mothers of large families of small children, while the money in question has taken to itself wings and flown away. I alone am left, penniless and a bachelor; one of a class of whom the poet says:

'We are miserable men,  
We are hopeless every one!'

For a month before the ball-season began, I made myself miserably happy. 'If I should be disappointed at last! If I should happen to break a leg, or some trifle of that sort, what *would* become of me and the ladies that I was to escort?' But no; my forebodings were idle. Terpsichore protected her votaries for

'That night of all nights in the year.'

The old hack that carried me to the ball-room was glorified by that hazardous performance. The gentlemen who took tickets at the door assumed an immense responsibility in my eyes. The musicians, suspended in their box between the floor and the ceiling, like Shakspeare's samphire-gatherer, 'half way down,' never played so divinely elsewhere; while the dancing-master who had charge of the floor grew more than mortal. I was wont to look with admiration and envy on his 'pigeon-wings,' and to go into perfect ecstasies over his sailor's horn-pipe, which I tried in vain to imitate when called upon for a dance by my friends, at the close of the evening's performance.

Then the suppers that I used to eat; the oysters that disappeared so marvellously from my loaded plate; the pies and cakes that followed them, as the man in the play says, 'like ambassadors to the

\* We can tell our correspondent that there are very many persons, circulating too in the best 'good society' of the metropolis, who would rather attend a down-east 'ALMACK'S,' or a western 'Ball at THRAM'S Huddle,' as once graphically described by Mrs. KIRKLAND in these pages, than any one of the crowded, affected, formal waltz or quadrille-parties given nightly in gigantic Gotham. Let us hope that the good old-fashioned fishing-town of Mattapoisett will long convene its 'young folk' at these genial, hearty gatherings; and that, unlike 'Little Britain,' as depicted by IRVING, no fashionable factions may ever arise to drive away simple enjoyment from the Cape-Cod village, but that it may remain a spot where unassuming, homely manners are kept up; 'where French is neither eaten, drunk, nor spoken,' and where there are no 'first families.' ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

interior;' and the bottles of champagne that were emptied at the shortest notice!

'I CANNOT but remember such things were,  
That were most dear to me!'

But this is wandering from my purpose, which was to give a short description of a country ball at which I lately had the pleasure of 'assisting.' It took place at Mattapoisett, which every body knows is near Cape Cod, and was held in a large hall of the village—the only one in it, I believe—which bore the name of 'Eaton Hall.' The inhabitants of that part of the world, being somewhat Yankeeish, called it 'Eating Hall;' and from the quantity of provisions which disappeared there at supper, it seemed by no means to be miscalled: but of that anon. At the appointed time, which was eight p. m., I sought the premises with attendant ladies, and after crowding and jamming our way through some twenty gentlemen of various ages, who were smoking cigars of various brands, but chiefly the 'long-nines' that are so immortal in history, and groping up the winding stair-case, to thread which in safety one would need the clue that led to fair Rosamond's bower, we at last found ourselves in the assembly-rooms. There was a small recess on the left of the entrance, about the size of one of Silas Wood's patent bed-rooms in Cherry-street; and this was the 'ladies' dressing-room.' Why these places are called 'dressing-rooms' I have never been able to discover: certainly no lady was ever guilty of dressing in one. The door was open, and a miscellaneous collection of bonnets, shawls, and other articles of female wearing-apparel were visible on chairs, shelves, and pegs; and one or two young ladies who had just come in were busied in arranging each other's dresses: for there was no looking-glass there at which they might 'fix' themselves; and some eight or ten small boys, who smelt of bread-and-butter, were gathered near, and were looking on with admiration, filled no doubt with insane ideas of what they would do when they were large enough to go to balls with their sweet-hearts. Beyond the dressing-room was the ball-room itself, which might have measured fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth. The floor, which was of knotted pine, had not been visited by a broom for some time, and had seemingly cut for ever—if indeed it ever knew, what it stood sadly in need of—soap and water. There was a row of windows on each side of the hall, most of which—as the night was somewhat warm, and promised soon to become warmer to all those who danced—were half way down. The room was lighted, or rather darkened, by four or five oil-lamps, with tin shades; such as were common before camphene, and other infernal burning-fluids, had come into fashion. These lamps were the only 'dampers' of the evening. They would n't burn at any price. It was in vain to coax them with fresh draughts of sperm oil, and to punish them by frequent trimming, and the tightening of sundry screws. It 'could n't be did.' They *would n't* burn, and there was an end of the matter:

—'FROM those lamps  
No light, but rather darkness visible,  
Served only to discover sights of wo.'

Seeing how matters were likely to go, our ladies sent home for their astral-lamps; but even *they* made but little difference when they arrived. The room was fated to be dark.

Under the windows, on each side of the hall, stood a couple of long benches, like the back pews in a country church, and upon these sat the young gentlemen and ladies of the village; the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other. Why they sat apart was one of my first questions, but one which nobody present seemed qualified to answer. 'It was the custom of the Tyrol,' and every body followed it. As the ladies always claim the precedence over 'the lords of creation,' I shall proceed to notice them first, though I fear I shall hardly be able to do their manifold virtues justice. I may have seen one or two a little prettier in my time; but I have lived long and travelled far, and may have seen one or two more fashionably dressed, but certain I am that I never saw any in a state of more deplorable good health. Save one little lady of twelve, their eyes were as bright as dew-drops, and their cheeks as red as roses; to say nothing of their plump arms, fair necks, and full-rounded bosoms. If variety is, as it has often been called, 'the spice of life,' their dresses were 'spicy' enough; for certainly a greater variety was never beheld. Three or four were dressed in white, and showed among the rest like lilies growing in a bed of miscellaneous flowers; but the greater part displayed a strong partiality for colors, and those of the strongest kind. Silks and satins were not much worn; for Mattapoissett, though somewhat remarkable in its way, is not remarkable, I should say, for a superfluity of money; but to make up for that deficiency, calicoes and gingham were in great demand, and both were of the newest and largest patterns. So large were the figures on one or two dresses, that their wearers at a distance seemed to be clad in cheap carpets. Green, red, and blue, and a dusky yellow on a dark ground, were the favorite colors; and so much were they in vogue, that their wearers, with a little stretch of the imagination, might have been taken for the tutelary spirits of all the nations in the world, wrapped in their respective flags. Fans, of all sorts and sizes, were in constant use, from nine-penny palm-leaves to two-shilling paper-spreads. There was some talk of *one* lady being seen with one made of rice-paper, with a Chinese princess painted on it; but as this immediately disappeared, there was some doubt about it. At any rate, such profuse extravagance in this line was rarely known there. Jewels, bracelets, and head-dresses, however, were quite common: and the jewels were always large and brilliant, and the bracelets generally held lockets which were supposed to contain a tress of somebody's hair. Several were crowned with wreaths of artificial flowers, 'of last year's growth,' which *would* drop from their green-wire stalks; and one lady created a sensation by wearing a string of imitation-of-pearl beads; but, for the most part, their hair was left in a state of nature, and was, 'when unadorned, adorned the most.' It fell down the shoulders of some in natural ringlets, and in others it whispered of papers over-night, and pipe-stems in the morning. Some wore it plastered down smoothly and straightly, in the most approved 'soap-lock' styles, and there was a strong insinuation of soap about it; while others again turned out its borders into scientific scollops, which sloped away from their foreheads to their ears, like the under-side of small stair-cases: and thus and there they all sat, as still as mice, waiting for the gentlemen opposite to begin the ceremonies of the evening.

And the gentlemen too were in 'full dress;' and their styles were as various as those of the ladies, and they themselves were as motionless and as mute. One or two, who had evidently traveled as far as New-Bedford, the nearest city, in the course of their checkered existences, were quite fashionably draped; as much so, no doubt, as their means would allow: namely, in white neck-cloths, white vests, and what were *once* white kids: but the larger number dressed, as best they could, in long coats and short coats; in dress-coats and frock-coats; in jackets and blouses, and certain non-descripts that no respectable tailor would own: but all wore brass buttons, which had evidently been polished up for the occasion. At the farther end of the hall, in a kind of pulpit or rostrum, sat the band, who had been engaged at 'an enormous expense,' as Barnum says, from the neighboring city of New-Bedford, where they have the honor of playing frequently in the summer, and occasionally at other times. They 'were but three, a little band,' but they felt the responsibility that rested upon them, and played for a dozen at least. The gentleman who led them played upon the violin, from which he drew the strangest of all imaginable sounds, most of which resembled the filing of saws,

'With octaves of a mystic depth and height;'

and he sawed his long bow upon the strings, as if he had made a bet to cut them through in less than no time, and felt bound to do it. His next neighbor exercised his lungs on a kind of serpentine instrument, that grinned horribly with its ponderous jaws, and screamed the while like an enraged steam-engine; and the third and last of the trio did his best on his funnel-mouthed brass horn, blowing until his cheeks seemed ready to burst, and his eyes protruded from their sockets like those of a boiled lobster.

After the 'orchestra' (for so, out of compliment to their profession, we will call the 'musicianers') had played a 'voluntary,' there was in the hall silence for some minutes, for none of the gentlemen had the courage to make the first move toward opening the ball, which all were dying to begin. The ladies looked at them 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and sat in silence. Of course they were not expected to come over and collar them, and request them to do their duty: *that* is never demanded of the softer sex; if it had been, some of those present would have succeeded admirably. Every now and then the gentlemen blushed up to the roots of their hair, giggled at their own want of assurance, and stared at the brass horn, called by courtesy a 'bugle,' as if they longed to have its composition in their faces. One or two, more venturesome than the rest, tried to rise and be bold, but couldn't 'screw their courage to the sticking-place.' Failing in this, they tried to encourage their diffident companions, and endeavored to push them out upon the floor, but this was likewise a failure.

Thus things went on for some time, until at last a short, thick-set little man, with a red scarf tied around his waist, like that of a militia officer on parade, arose and went over to the ladies and selected his partner, who turned out to be the lady with the pearl beads in her hair; a long, lean, lanky, sinister gentleman, whose eyes were defended by a pair of shield-like green goggles, did the same; and by degrees the others fol-

lowed their example, until there were enough on the floor to form a couple of quadrilles, or 'cowtillions,' as they called them, and the dancing began in good earnest.

'To those in populous cities pent,' dancing is only an amusement; but these simple country-people, living uncontaminated in the heart of nature, looked upon it in the light of business, and went into it accordingly. Not a figure, not a step, not even the fragment of a step, did they omit. If it was worth doing at all, they thought, it was worth doing well; and they did it as well as they could, faithfully following the directions of the leader of the band, whose voice was heard above the music, shouting at intervals: 'Ladies forward!' 'Gentlemen forward!' 'Partners cross!' etc., etc. He was a rousing fellow, that leader:

'Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell;'

but he understood his own business to a hair; and if any mistake occurred, he made them all go back and begin again; by frequently doing which, the first cotillon lasted about half an hour, at the end of which time its subjects were pretty nearly used up for that occasion; the gentlemen polished their red faces with redder bandanas, and sought seats in the draughts of the open windows, and the ladies fluttered their fans like an old maid in a genteel comedy.

'The next thing on the peppergram,' to quote the saying of the illustrious Christy, was the 'Schottische,' danced by one of *our* ladies and a blushing young man, who was said to be a returned Californian, with lots of gold. For fear of consequences, I shall not describe either of them, farther than to say that the lady was dressed in black silk, wore gold spectacles, and danced divinely. But, now we have mentioned spectacles, a word touching our friend in the green goggles, whom I profanely christened 'Lanky Wobbles.' While the second set was being made up, he introduced himself to one other lady, and asked her to be his partner. She excused herself, on the plea of weariness, the reality of which he seemed to doubt, for he departed in high dudgeon; but an idea happening to strike him as he was going, he turned round and said: 'Wal, ef you're *sick*, and don't want tew dance, wal and good; but ef you git up with any body else, look eöut!'

Another set was soon made up, and another and another, until there were six on the floor, not to reckon the fragment of one composed by a number of small boys; and all were hard at work, gliding and sliding about like the poet's muse, 'with many-twinkling feet.' Some of the ladies were really graceful in their movements, and went through their figures lightly and beautifully; but the majority were too sudden and angular. How they could jump so high — for the floor, so far as I could judge, did not spring — was a mystery to me. I noticed one gentleman, in particular, who would have made his fortune at Franconi's or Astley's by turning double-summersets. The short, thick-set man, in the red scarf, who had the honor of starting the ball, was one of the most agile, but his manner of dancing was not the most agreeable: to characterize it artistically, I should say it had too much 'breadth,' and speaking after the manner of St. Giles, I should say it 'flopped' about too much. When he was rising, I wondered where he would fall, and when falling,



where he would rise again. Once or twice, I found to my sorrow that his descents were made upon my corns.

Matters went on thus for a couple of hours. Set after set was made up and exhausted until the hour of midnight came, and a Voice took possession of the atmosphere of the room, saying: 'GENTS! SUPPER'S READY!'

The manner of announcing that supper was never excelled but once before, and that was by Bailey in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' when he informed the Pecksniffs and the rest of Mrs. Todger's boarders, 'The vittles is up!' The dance was finished in a minute, much to the horror of the music-leader, who kept on with his tune, and a general rush took place for the supper-room, and as usual, the red-sash man got in first by a long odds. The supper-room was beneath the ball-room, and was as light as that was dark. From the number of lamps on the table, I began at first to think that they were destined to have a light supper; but never was I more agreeably disappointed. The table was loaded down with roast chickens, turkeys, and ducks, and in front of our places, which had been kept for us, stood a couple of wild fowl that I had killed the afternoon before; and there was a large collection of cold meats, boiled and roast, and pies and cakes, and jellies and bon-bons to match. If they did n't understand the art of dressing in that neighborhood, they did understand that of cooking, and need not have been ashamed to invite any *gourmet* to partake of that supper. Every thing was in abundance, and abundantly was it 'punished.' Nor were sundry decanters filled with colored liquids, evidently vinous, wanting to complete the evening's entertainment; but of these I have no personal knowledge, for on such occasions I am always Johnsonian in my devotion to tea.

But now, as the night, or rather the morning, was growing late, and I was growing sleepy, having been up for some nights previous, I escorted my 'attending angels' home, and left the rest of the company to do what they pleased; and it pleased most of them to dance again; for I learned the next morning, from a certain young gentleman with red eyes and a bad head-ache, that they 'kept it up' till four in the morning, when they broke up as merry as ever:

'And some went home to their slumbers,  
And some went home to their wives.'

And so ends my description of 'ALMACK'S 'DOWN-EAST,' OR A NIGHT AT A COUNTRY BALL.'

T O E L L A — .

I'm lonely, I'm lonely, for on my sad hearth  
No cricket is chirping with heart full of mirth;  
I've a gold-wired cage, and a garden in bloom,  
But no bird on the perch, and no rose's perfume.  
Blithe cricket, sweet bird, dainty rose set apart,  
Come chirp for me, sing for me, bloom for my heart!  
My hearth-stone is ready, my spirit is true;  
The cricket, rose, bird, my sweet ELLA! are you.

M. S. S.



## T H E H U M M I N G - B I R D .

A LAW OFFICE LYRIC.

I sipped from those intoxicating readings,  
 Equity Pleadings,  
 Quaffing at times the nectar of the Courts,  
 From *HILL's Reports*,  
 When through my office-window flew a creature,  
 Indistinguishable in form and feature.

Its efforts to get out were unsuccessful:  
 'T was a weak vessel;  
 For unto me 't was painfully apparent  
 That its wits were n't  
 Quite bright enough to intimate to him  
 He might get out the way that he got in.

I said: 'It is some grim, gigantic 'skeeter,'  
*Atrox atque teter*:  
 Or else it is that insect green and brindled,  
 The marshy spindle.  
 What business hast thou in a lawyer's study,  
 Thou airy pirate, buzzing, brindled, bloody!'

I turned and flung my cap, the first projectile  
 My hands found, at the reptile,  
 And brought, with dexterity to hang a brag on,  
 The buzzing dragon  
 Down to the floor: but lo! 't was no absurd  
 Marshy spindle, but a humming-bird!

I laid the little thing upon my hand;  
 And as I fanned  
 Its lifeless form, I uttered sharp reflections  
 And doleful interjections,  
 And marked its slender bill, its dainty breast,  
 With more compunctions than can be expressed.

I said unto myself: 'You inconsiderate  
 Young idiot!  
 Thus with rash and reckless wrath to bristle,  
 And fling a missile  
 At this poor, delicate, and harmless fowl,  
 As if it were an ostrich or an owl!'

Just then, as I rebuked myself so highly,  
 The small fowl, 'tily  
 Winked with one little winker, and then darted  
 Through the wide open window, and departed!

R E F L E C T I O N S .

ALAS! that such a little bit of a humming-bird  
 Should be a gumming-bird!

G. E. M.

## R E M E M B R A N C E .

My inward lookings only bring  
 Her presence back to view,  
 Whom, when my life was in its spring,  
 In every pulse I knew.  
 How fair she looked, the greenwood shade,  
 The summer leaves among,  
 When, by the breath of evening swayed,  
 Her loosened tresses hung!

I did not dream that she would look  
 To other life than mine,  
 Though she was as the tranquil brook,  
 And I the stormy brine:  
 Now, wandering in the hills afar,  
 Her path is hid from me,  
 Though earth, and sky, and polar-star,  
 Therein may mirrored be

SIGMA.

## WAVE AND WOOD: OR, JACK'S JOURNAL.

## THE WAVE: SUNSET AT SEA.

READER: 'Lovest thou to look upon the beautiful?' Then 'Thou art the man!' I would that you might have gazed upon a sun-set just passed; soft as the perfume of roses the eve, with the waves unruffled, and 'Old Ocean' at rest. It was as though the spirits of departed artists had met in solemn conclave to give to mortals their golden ideas of heaven, and, dipping their brushes in the dazzling prisms of the rainbow, perfected upon a western canvas their pieces immortal—resplendent, mellow, enchanting, gorgeous—like every thing beautiful of the CREATOR's handiwork, 'who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters.'

There are those who can look upon such a scene without emotion; without recognizing OMNIPOTENCE; without gratitude for life, with such an abundance of varied delights; but I pity and commiserate their assimilation to unreflecting brutes. A storm at sea, with the piping blast and mad-heaving wave, surging in sullen roar, continuous and increasing, presents a *man* with startling feelings of his own insignificance; and so does a sun-set; the one fearful, the other beautiful; the one sublime, the other enrapturing. Come and look upon the contrast. It is what the sailor sees, studies, and feels. God in legible print has given you glad opening blossoms, aroma from fresh-mown hay; landscapes with the mountain and valley, gurgling stream and rushing river; the verdant spring and dying autumn; the morning dew and evening quiet; and all are beautiful. He has given the sailor none of these; but sky and water,

sunshine and tempest, ever-varying betwixt sorrow and gladness; and think not these are without instruction.

Morn has followed that sun-set. It is the holy Sabbath—peaceful and quiet. The waves, as if conscious of the day, rest from their wildness, like tired childhood. Aurora's chariot, bright in burnished splendor, with prancing steeds fresh from the chambers of the east, is rolling up and onward, resplendent in beauty, scattering abroad and around rich, warm sun-beams. Merry chimes of tuneful bells are calling you to sacred portals. Not so here; and yet it is well, for God is omnipotent, and the 'Sea is His, and HE made it.'

NAPOLEON has said, 'There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' I cannot resist the idea of giving you here the mingled groups brought together upon this world-ferry. It is no more amusing than truthful; 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' you have the wild, rollicking, gay, officious, melancholy, jocose, fun-making, sour, laughter-loving, noisy, wise, silent, meddlesome, retiring, anxious; sleepy, fearless, sleepless; temperate, gourmands; abstainers, intemperate, polite, crude, polished, indifferent; old travelers, clergymen, young beginners; infidels, rich, pretenders; generous, eccentric, listeners, gallants, smokers, 'specimens of humanity,' gentlemen; governors, scholars, agents, ambassadors, attachés; musicians, 'owls,' Honorables, Esquires, 'Misters,' and all other characters ever made or seen, save the beggar and the miser. Do you not think we have a variety, essenced—ay, *oiled*? Hogarth's pencil and Wilkie's humor might find satiety. How many 'Editor's Tables' are there, also? After our EDITOR's transatlantic cruise, I look to see the KNICKERBOCKER thus noticed: 'Our worthy brother, GAYLORD CLARK, we are glad to welcome home once more. We have barely survived his absence; but from certain floating whispers, his 'EDITOR'S TABLE' will be so enriched and embellished with experience in the 'Old World,' that we shall almost hope he may cruise again. So far as we are concerned, PUTNAM can close his door, and send us nothing for six months to come. We have cleared our throat, slipped ourselves, and are anxiously waiting for a sight of the old arm-chair and the venerable occupant.'

One of these odd times, say about eight bells, I will struggle hard to give the reader a STORM AT SEA.

#### VISIT TO OLD CHESTER: EATON HALL.

THE ancient city of Chester is situated south-west from Liverpool some sixteen miles, upon the river Dee. For its antiquity and memorable associations, no town in England stands its equal. Its origin is of very remote date, but no reliable conclusion has as yet settled its exact foundation. In A. D. 61, the Twentieth Roman Legion garrisoned the place, and the walls were built, the same being extended in A. D. 73 by Marius, son of Cymbeline. On the point of its *very* early settlement, 'King's Vale Royal' thus discourseth: 'The first name that I find this city to have been supposed to have borne, was Neomagus; and this they derive from Magus, the son of Samoths, who was the first planter of inhabitants in this isle after Noah's flood, which now containeth England, Scotland, and Wales, and of him was called Samothea; and this Samoths was son to Japhet, the third son of Noah; and of this Magus, who first

built a city even in this place, or near unto it, as it is supposed, the same was called Neomagus. This conjecture I find observed by the learned Sir Thomas Elliott, who saith directly that Neomagus stood where Chester now standeth.' Under the memorable achievements of Julius Agricola, it became a Roman colony, and so continued for two or three centuries. It now contains twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Amid its quaint old streets, time-battered walls, and ancient cathedral, the stranger finds a large field for contemplation. The walls, built of soft free-stone, are nearly two miles in circumference, and command an extensive and beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, embracing in the distance the hills of Wales.

It was a clear day in September when I visited Chester. A soft, hazy atmosphere threw a dreamy mellowness over the landscape, and with the winding Dee before, the richly-cultivated meads around, and the grim old peaks in the distance shooting heavenward, the view was charming. I know every one does not recognize the beautiful or reverence the antique, but I pity the man who can stand upon the embattled memorials of Chester and enjoy no novelty of feeling or delight. To stand upon, walk upon, and touch the very ramparts of the old Roman Legion! it is impossible to be thus situated without a strong feeling of *quaintness*. CLARK, you can appreciate this element. And do you remember that beautifully simple old song, commencing thus:

'THE moon had climbed the highest hill  
That rises o'er the source of Dee,' etc.?

This old harmony blends appropriately with the reverential feeling; and, summing up all, you find yourself transfixed with a silence only equal to your dreaming mood.

Among the many things of interest in Chester, I segregate those which I fancy will please you most. The walls are the only perfect specimens of Roman fortification now to be found in the kingdom, and perhaps no sight-seeing in England would impress a stranger more forcibly. Here he stands upon the very work which has stood nearly eighteen hundred years. It is like addressing, *viva voce*, the dead of centuries, conversing with them in our own peculiar tongue, and scanning their grim visages with optics of 1851. This would be the first emotion from which to recover; and as you emerge from this living tomb of feeling and memory, by degrees you find, scattered here, some rich and glorious evidences of a past race, and there, some faint tracery of an almost forgotten nation. O TEMPUS! 'how have the mighty fallen!' The prestige, once a halo encircling the names, Vespasian, Trajan, Constantine, and the Cæsars, has faded into a venerable shadow, so dim that you go softly for fear of chasing it away. But this is life! Happy the man who can walk with a quiet conscience even amid the humbler avenues of life, and at last compose himself calmly for the voyage to those regions from whence no navigator has ever returned. What a port is that!—the hulls and colors of all nations therein, but from which anchorage no piping blast or howling storm shall drift them. May it be ours to shun the reef and gain the port!

Of the many relics discovered in Chester, you have Roman pavements, altars, coins, vases, rings, medals, stones with inscriptions, statues, tiles,

and other indications of the dead race. Some thirty years ago, an altar was exhumed—now at Eaton Hall—upon which was this inscription :

NYMPHIS  
ET  
FONTIBUS  
LEG XX  
VV

Pure water springs up on the side of the town where this altar was found, which, no doubt, signified such a locality.

It is no more surprising than true, that, until recently, no spirit of inquiry or curiosity has been invoked by the inhabitants for these local antiquities of so renowned a nation. So biased are they to gain, self-emolument, and obsequiousness to nobility, that these precious speaking memorials have never been appreciated ; and, I have no doubt, the American, an obtruder upon the monotonous routine of English life, has started the Rip Van Winkles, and sent them after their senses. Not an inch of all Wales but would have been explored, had it been U. S. A. in lieu of G. B. This very indifference, this *unappreciativeness* of the past, as well as ignorance, I am sure, has severed links in the grand chain of English local history, which will never be recovered.

The King's School, founded by Henry the Eighth, is an institution savoring of the liberality of the States. Twenty-four boys, of poor families belonging to the church, are maintained here for four or five years. They must come understanding the rudiments of grammar, and 'given to learning,' while the course of instruction is such as to qualify the pupils for any of the literary professions or commercial pursuits. There are, also, the Diocesan and Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster's Schools. The former has about two hundred pupils ; the latter (gratuitous for the poor, established by the Marquis) is capable of holding eight hundred.

From Chester some three miles south, is Eaton Hall, the home of the Marquis of Westminster. It is considered the best modern specimen of the pointed Gothic in the kingdom, comprising a centre and two wings. It is of stone, of a light color, brought from Delamere Forest ; designs furnished by Pordon. The building has been undergoing repairs for the past five years, and will not be finished for another twelve months. From this fact I was unable to enter and see its spacious and chastely-decorated rooms, although I made a sincere appeal in buttons and the band ; and hence lost the view of the hall, saloon, ante-rooms, dining-room, drawing-room, library, the great stair-case, state bed-room, and chapel. In front you have a scene eminently beautiful : groves, gardens, the conservatory, mountains of Wales, Peckforton Hills, and Beeston Castle, with the gentle Dee, charming in its windings. I need not say here you have the perfection of English scenery. It is a survey that charms the eye, feasts the soul, and makes the pretensions of man and all his labored ingenuity sink into insignificance.

The present Marquis is of the noble house of Grosvenor, and traces his descent from illustrious Normans. At Eccleston, a pleasant little village two miles from Chester, stands prominent a church of Gothic structure,

built by the Marquis, one of the best specimens of this order in England.

Eaton Hall is a lovely place, centering in a park three miles square, and, methinks, embraces all a mortal can desire. If you seek pleasantness, it is here; if beauty of God's world, it is here; if quietness, it is here; if splendor, it is here; if abundance, it is here. But there is a vale I know among the hills of New-England, a companion I know, a gleesome boy I know, could I have at all times around me, Eaton Hall, its beauty and splendor, might fade in the distance. The effect such places and scenes have upon me is to make me appreciate more and more what the CREATOR has bestowed, while I am thankful I bear evidences of one hailing from a free and happy republic. My Country—God bless her!

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L I N E S :   T O   K O S S U T H .

MAN of the age! the nations own  
Thy mission with a shout;  
Trembles the despot on his throne—  
His night-long dream is out!

If leaguéd kings with iron glaive  
Would FREEDOM crush to-day,  
Shall true steel to the scabbard cleave,  
Nor leap to break their sway?

The coming tread of arméd men  
Reëchoes o'er the earth;  
For fearful Force must conquer Wrong,  
Ere fruits of PEACE have birth.

Yet, strong in moral might and power,  
Thy theses still proclaim;  
Thy lips are touched with sacred fire—  
Our hearts have caught the flame!

Thy breath, electric, o'er the chords  
Of thrilling human souls,  
With instant conquest girds the earth,  
From Indus to the poles.

A self-vowed offering to God,  
His martyrs to redress;  
Sealed to the holy cause by blood,  
Priest—prophet—onward press!

With burning word and lofty deed,  
Calm, passionate, and sage;  
With honest skill to meet the need  
And issue of the age:

Press on!—droop not! . God give thee grace,  
And nerve thy noble soul;  
A faltering step may lose the race,  
And FREEDOM is the goal!

MRS H. M. PERLEY

## The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF  
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER THREE.

MRS. SOLOMON FUDGE.

—‘*TAM suavia dicam facinora, ut male  
Sit ei qui talibus non delectetur.*’

SCIP. DE BURTON.

MRS. FUDGE is of the family of BODGERS, of Newtown. It is by no means a low family. Her father was Squire BODGERS, a deserving, stout man, rather bluff in his habit of speech, but ‘fore-handed,’ and quite a column in the Baptist Church of Newtown. Indeed, the only serious quarrel which ever occurred between my Aunt Phoebe and the Squire was in relation to church-matters. Mrs. FUDGE, after ten years’ residence in town, ventured to change her faith—simultaneously with her change of residence from Wooster-street to the Avenue. From having been an exemplary Baptist, she became, on a sudden, an unexceptionable high-church listener, with prayer-books and velvets to match.

Mr. BODGERS, of Newtown, was indignant, and came to the city on a visit of expostulation. My Aunt Phoebe tried reasoning, but the Squire was too strong for her. She next tried tears, but tears were unavailing. She urged the wishes and the position of her husband, Mr. FUDGE; to all which I have no doubt that Mr. BODGERS replied, in his bluff way, ‘FUDGE be d——d!’ I do not, however, affirm it.

The result may be easily anticipated. Mrs. FUDGE continued firm in her new connection; reading the service at first with a good deal of snappish zeal, and at length subsiding into an eligible pew and place, where her furs would meet with observation, and her complexion catch a becoming light from the transept window. Mr. BODGERS threatened to cut her off from all share in his country estate; and, to give color to the threat, brought about a reconciliation with his second daughter, KITTY, who had married eight years before, very much against his wishes, a poor country clergyman.

How and where the courtship first came about which ultimately metamorphosed the plump and comely PHOEBE BODGERS into the exemplary Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, it seems hardly worth while to narrate. It is sufficient to say, that the wife of Squire BODGERS was a shrewd woman and capital manager. SOLOMON FUDGE was a disinterested young man, of eligible family, pleasant prospects in the way of trade. He wore, judging from an old portrait which ornamented the back-parlor in Wooster-street, and which hangs in the basement upon the Avenue, the tight pantaloons which were in vogue at that date, and a considerable weight of metal to his fob-chain.



Numerous incidents in regard to the courtship have leaked out, from time to time, when I have found my aunt in a sentimental humor; but as they appear to be mostly of that ordinary and common-place character which are found in novels, and have little of the spice of real life about them, I do not think it worth my while to write them down. A little sonnet, however, in acrostic form, in which PHOEBE BODGERS figures as Diana, has gratified me, as an evidence of considerable poetic taste on the part of the present bank-officer; and I need hardly say, that the same is carefully guarded by Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

Squire BODGERS, I regret to say, is now dead; so is his wife. Mrs. FUDGE, though fat and healthy, is an orphan. She cherishes, I regret farther to say, but a slight recollection of the surviving members of the family. The old gentleman, in dying, was as good as his word, and left but little of his small property to the town-branch. The homestead reverted to Mrs. KITTY FLEMING, the widow of the poor clergyman already mentioned, who died, leaving one child, bearing the mother's name and a fair share of country beauty. I have met with her on a random visit to Newtown in the summer season. She is just turned of sixteen. I am not aware that she speaks a word of French; yet I must confess that I admire her exceedingly — much more than her aunt.

Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE does not fancy Newtown as a summer residence: she rarely alludes to the place; nor does she often speak of her country cousins. They paid her frequent visits while she was living in Wooster-street; I observe that they have since fallen off. When they come, however, she is familiar and easy with them — in the basement. I do not remember that she ever gave a party for them.

One stout, fussy old gentleman, who has been a thriving shop-keeper in her native township, annoys her excessively. Upon the strength of some remote cousinship, he insists upon addressing her as 'Cousin PHOEBE;' and this notwithstanding he wears a long surtout and a prodigious red-and-yellow silk pocket-handkerchief. His name is BODGERS — TRUMAN BODGERS, Esquire. He has been in the State Legislature, and did a great deal for the tanning-interest of the country, in which he is himself largely interested.

From some hints that have been now and then dropped, I incline to the opinion that Mrs. FUDGE was an old flame of his: it is certain that he keeps up a moderate show of attention to this day. He is one of those genuine, rough-bred country Americans who are not to be pricked through with any stings of fashionable observance. He counts his Cousin PHOEBE no better in her home upon the Avenue than when she played bare-footed at the old husking-frolics of Newtown. And with a straight-forward, native instinct, he acts out his impressions in plain country fashion.

I must say that I rather admire Mr. BODGERS, notwithstanding my aunt's ungracious sneers; and I admire him all the more for the wholesome contrast that he offers to my poor aunt's city-weaknesses. Next to her dread of his coming, I think that she manifests a decided reluctance to my meeting with him at her house. The consequence is, as I am an amiable man and have much spare time on my hands, I almost always contrive to call whenever I catch a glimpse of the long surtout;

and enjoy exceedingly the rubicund countenance of friend TRUMAN and the slightly vinegared aspect of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

I think I have dwelt long enough upon the antecedents of Mrs. FUDGE; I shall therefore go on to speak of her present home, character, and position.

She is an exemplary woman; at least, this is the style in which her clergyman, the Reverend Doctor MUDDLETON, uniformly speaks of her. I observe, however, that he speaks in the same way of a great many others among his lady-parishioners, who rent very high-priced pews, and subscribe in a fair sum to his pet charities. It is, upon the whole, a discreet way of speaking. Dr. MUDDLETON is a discreet man.

My aunt, then, is an exemplary woman: what the Doctor means by it, I could never precisely understand. She is certainly an example of apparent good health, and of fair preservation; in point of size, too, as I have already remarked, she is quite noticeable. She does not believe in unnecessary fatigue of any sort. The world wags very quietly with her, and she sees no reason why it should not wag very quietly with every body else.

She is methodical and judicious in her charities: she suffers her name to appear in the public prints—although a great trial to her natural delicacy—as one of the managers of the Society for the Relief of Indigent Females: she makes a small yearly contribution to the same. She gives her maids several old silk dresses in the course of the year, and supplies her cook with cast-off under-clothes. She presents her coachman every Christmas-day with a half-eagle; and, on one occasion, when he wished ‘A ’appy New-Year, and many of ’em, to the hiligant Mrs. FUDGE,’ she extended her charity to a cast-off over-coat of her husband’s.

She does not allow match-girls, and that sort of vulgar people, to be begging about the basement-windows. She rather prides herself upon the dignified and peremptory way with which she orders them off; it certainly is not apt to provoke a return.

Her house is after the usual city pattern—two parlors, with folding-doors; one furnished with blue, the other with crimson. Two arm-chairs to each, of rosewood, very luxuriously upholstered. Straight-backed chairs, with crewel-worked bottoms and backs; one or two of these. A screen similarly worked, one of Peyser’s best. Ottoman, similarly worked; a red-and-white puppy, in crewel. Alabaster vases, from LEEDS’ auction, ‘quite recherché in form,’ as Mr. LEEDS remarked at the time of sale. Candelabras, of fashionable pattern, from WORAM AND HAUGHWOUT—‘a splendid article.’ Tapestry-carpets, very soft, arabesque pattern, quite showy, and, according to the Messrs. Tinson, ‘remarkably chaste.’ Curtains, to match furniture, very heavy cord and tassel, draped under the eye of Mrs. FUDGE, by a middle-aged man, ‘smelling strongly of varnish.’

There are paintings on the wall, very strongly admired by Mr. BODGERS, and country cousins generally. They were imported at immense expense, but purchased by Mrs. FUDGE at a bargain. A dining-room skirts the two parlors in the rear. This arrangement of the house is not original with Mrs. FUDGE; several city houses are built in a somewhat similar manner. I do not know that this arrangement suits Mrs. FUDGE’s convenience and family better than any other; I do not think, indeed, that

she ever asked herself the question. It is the style; and my aunt has a great abhorrence of any thing that is not 'the style.'

Mrs. FUDGE has at her command a coachman and footman. The first sticks to the stable; the second does duty in-doors—cleans the silver, waits on the table, receives visitors. On ordinary days he wears a white apron, but on great occasions he is ornamented with a blue coat and Berlin gloves. Mrs. FUDGE supplies him with soap and shaving-materials. She ventured at one time, after reading Cecil, into powdering his hair. Mr. BODGERS mistook him for Mr. FUDGE. I came near falling into the same mistake myself. She has abandoned the powder.

If I were to call Mrs. FUDGE a fashionable lady, I should do violence to her prejudices, at the same time that I should gratify her affectionate impulses. I have not so much fear of her violence as I have love for her gratification. I therefore say unhesitatingly, Mrs. FUDGE is a fashionable woman.

'TONY,' she will say, 'you know better. You know that I scorn fashion; you have heard me do it again and again. You know I have a perfect contempt for all the extravagances of fashion.'

'Quite as you say, Mrs. FUDGE,' I should reply, blandly.

'Why then do you call me fashionable, TONY?' (quite mildly, and with a felicitous tweak of her cap-strings, followed by a careless yet effective adjustment of the folds of a very showy brocade-dress.)

'I was doubtless wrong, Aunt PHOEBE. It was a mistake of mine. You are not a fashionable woman.'

The face of Mrs. FUDGE falls. She thanks me very sourly, and she insists upon knowing what conceivable reason should have suggested such an idea.

In an ugly humor—we will say after one of the cold breakfasts of the down-town hotels—I should reply, 'None at all;' thereby gratifying my aunt's moral sentiment, and making her my enemy for ten days to come. I know better than this; a man does not live for twenty years about town for nothing. My reply would be, therefore, very different. 'Reasons enough, Mrs. FUDGE. You employ a fashionable hair-dresser; you trade only at fashionable shops; you wear the most becoming and fashionable colors, (imagine Aunt PHOEBE's glow;) you drive at a fashionable hour; your furniture is fashionable; and the names in your card-basket are fashionable names.'

This last assertion (the only really questionable one of the whole) she admits as strong evidence against her. But how on earth can she refuse the visits of such persons as *will* come?

'How, to be sure?'

Mrs. FUDGE is all smiles. She will not listen to my talk of leaving. She will speak of me (I know she will) all the week as that dear, delightful fellow TONY.

I am sometimes afraid—and, I dare say, a great many people occasionally have the same fear—that I am not so innocent as I seem.

There is a large swarm of persons upon the town—heads of families and others—who, without being fashionable themselves, are very earnest but very silent admirers of what they think fashionable society. They are, I observe also, very indefatigable in their raillery of fashionable fol-

lies, and in their expressions of contempt. They follow after the camp with very much show of mirth, and with a great deal of eagerness to catch up a cast-away feather or a cockade.

I observe, too, that they make the most of whatever man or woman seems to have strayed out of the fashionable beat into their quiet circle. They rejoice over such an individual with an immense deal of sympathy; and they will even follow him back, if the thing is practicable, into his ways of wickedness, to make their guardianship more perfect and peculiar. They rail at what is out of their reach, and have not the apology of refinement to give a zest to their cravings. The man who lives by follies, openly and boastingly, is a shabby fellow; but the man who rails at the follies he pines for is very much shabbier still.

And having whipped my chapter upon Mrs. FUDGE into this smack of a moral, I shall close it here.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

WISHES, WAYS, AND MEANS.

'Into the land of trouble and anguish, from whence come the old and young lion, they will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, to a people that shall not profit them.'

ISAIAH XXX: 6.

PEOPLE are often misguided, especially in town. Some gain by it, others lose. If there is any thing I wish to guard my readers against, it is, mis-judgment of such characters as I shall bring to their notice. I have a fear that many will have already misconceived Mrs. FUDGE's character: they will set her down in their own minds as a vain, careless woman, with no definite purpose in life. They are exceedingly mistaken.

Mrs. FUDGE *has* a purpose. Ever since she ceased to be a BODGERS, and began to be a FUDGE, she has had this purpose. Ever since she left Newtown for a life in the city; ever since she eschewed the Baptist persuasion for the refinements of Dr. MUDDLETON's service; ever since she pestered her husband into a remove from Wooster-street to the Avenue, a gigantic purpose has been glowing within her. That purpose has been to erect herself and family into such a position as would provoke notice and secure admiration. There may be worthier purposes, but there are few commoner ones. Mrs. FUDGE is to be commended for the pertinacity with which she has guarded this purpose, and measurably for her success.

Wealth Mrs. FUDGE has always religiously considered as one of the first elements of progress: she is not alone in this; she can hardly be said to be wrong. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE is a rich man. I could hardly have adduced a better proof of it, than by my statement of the fact that he is a large holder of the Dauphin stock. None but a substantially rich man could afford to hold large stock, either in the Dauphin or the Pennsylvania Coal Companies. Such humble corporations as pay dividends (which they earn) are generally held by those poor fellows who need dividends. Mr. FUDGE needs no dividends. Coal companies generally pay no dividends.

Mrs. FUDGE, for a considerable period of years, has made the most of her wealth. She is, however, a shrewd woman; Uncle SOLOMON is a prudent man; she has, therefore, made no extraordinary display. She has kept a close eye upon equipages, hats, cloaks, habits, churches, dif-

ferent schemes of faith and of summer recreation. She is well posted in regard to all these matters.

Unfortunately—I say it with a modest regret—a certain BODGER twang belonged to my aunt, which the prettiest velvet cloak, or the most killing of Miss LAWSON's bonnets, could never hide. I regard it as a native beauty, redolent of the fields; *she*—I am sorry to affirm it—does not regard it at all. It has, however, I am convinced, stood in the way of her advancement.

For five years she may be said to have occupied the same position; the seasons hardly counted upon her; they were certainly not counted *by* her. She enjoyed a certain prestige of wealth; as much, at any rate, as could be forced into laces and withdrawn readily from the stock-broker's capital. Her children held ignoble positions, either in the nursery or at school. At one time, indeed—I think it was during the cholera-season—she came near ruining her prospects in life by gaining the reputation of a domestic woman. She has since, however, very successfully counteracted this opinion.

I do not know a greater absurdity, than for a lady of the city, who has aspirations beyond the vulgar routine of home duties, to affect the domestic woman. Of what service, pray, is she to the world? Who enjoys the sight of her; who delights in her equipage; what deserving, good-natured, unmarried men can bask in her smiles?

I have spoken of the children of Mrs. FUDGE. Children are an ornament to society; greater ornaments, frequently, than their parents. With a city education, and with the companionships that grow up in a city school, they possess a foot-hold, as it were, which could never have belonged to PHOEBE BODGERS. Mrs. FUDGE understands this; she has had an eye to this matter, in the course of her son's schooling: her daughter she has watched over with the same motherly care.

Respectable little girls have not unfrequently been invited home to tea by WILHELMINA ERNESTINA, at the instance of the mamma of WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. The same little girls, of good family, have been invited out to ride with the mamma of WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. The mamma has taken great pleasure in talking with such little girls; and has kindly amused them by instituting comparisons of her furniture, or her dress, or her tea-service, with the furniture, and dress, and tea-service with which the little girls of good family are familiar at home. From all this, Mrs. FUDGE has derived some very valuable hints.

In short, WILHELMINA ERNESTINA is a perfect treasure to Mrs. FUDGE. Her point-lace pantalets attracted considerable attention while they were still living in an obscure mansion of Wooster-street. WILHELMINA has, moreover, a passably pretty face. It has a slight dash of bravado, which, considering the uses to which it is to be applied, is by no means undesirable. She is just now upon the point of 'coming out;' and, as much depends upon her action and success at this particular period, her mother and myself naturally regard her movements with a good deal of anxiety. I shall take pleasure in recording, from time to time, in the course of these papers, her perils and her triumphs.

Her son, GEORGE WASHINGTON, more familiarly known to the family as WASH. FUDGE, is a promising young man. He is an ornament to the

street: he is immensely admired by two very young girls over the way, much to their mother's mortification.

I shall venture to draw a short sketch of his appearance and habits: the sketch will not, however, be a *unique*. Several portraits of him already exist; Mrs. FUDGE herself possesses two in oil and three in Daguerreotype. He has, moreover, bestowed several upon young ladies about town, to say nothing of a certain Mademoiselle who became enamored of him—to use his own story—on his recent visit to Paris, and who holds a highly respectable position upon the boards of the Porte St. Martin.

WASH. FUDGE has had some twenty years' experience of life—mostly town-life. He is, therefore, no chicken. This is a favorite expression of his, and of his admirers. He dresses in quite elegant style. I doubt somewhat, if such waist-coats and pantaloons as ornament WASH. FUDGE can be seen on any other individual.

He was entered at Columbia College: there was not a faster man in his class. His mother advised association with such young gentlemen as appeared to her—from the catalogue—to be desirable companions. She even contrived a few oyster-suppers in the basement, to which they were invited. The affair, however, did not succeed. The young gentlemen alluded to did not return the civilities of young FUDGE. Miss WILHELMINA ERNESTINA, although set off in her best dress, and playing some of her richest bits of piano practice, did not seem to do execution on a single one of the young gentlemen above alluded to.

WASH. FUDGE decided Columbia College to be a bore; he determined to leave the faculty. The determination was happy and mutual.

He now devoted himself to dancing, billiards, and flat cigars. His progress was very creditable. Mrs. FUDGE took a great deal of very proper pride in the jaunty and dashing appearance of her son WASHINGTON. She had not a doubt of his growing capacity to do great execution upon the lady-members of New-York society: he had already, indeed, given quiet proofs of his power in this way by certain dashing flirtations in small country-places. A trip to Paris was naturally regarded by Mrs. FUDGE as a great opportunity for perfecting himself in the designs which he had in view. A trip to Paris was therefore determined on, somewhat to the demurral of Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, but much to the satisfaction of his son and heir.

Mrs. FUDGE flattered herself that the Miss BINGLEYS, and PINKERTONS, and other young ladies of distinguished families, would find him perfectly irresistible on his return. She saw herself the envied mother of one of the most delightful young men about town—to say nothing of the accomplished and fascinating WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. She saw, furthermore, her advances upon the fashion of the town sustained by the unremitting attentions of young gentlemen of distinction, and by such overflowing receptions as would for ever bury all recollection of the BODGER blood.

I wish calmly to ask if Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE is to be blamed for all this? Is it not a beautiful proof of maternal feeling? Are not great numbers of mothers anxious and hopeful in the very same way? Nay, do they not continue anxious and hopeful from year to year, trusting in



PROVIDENCE, money, and management, to secure their ultimate rescue from the shades of second-rate society? Is it not reasonable to expect that six years of coaching, at the very pick of the hours; adroit charities to well-known city institutions; persistent listening to the Rev. Dr. MUDDLETON; positive familiarity with Miss LAWSON, to say nothing of Mr. BROWN and MARTEL, will, in time, effect their purpose; and that the stout Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE will, supported on the wings of WILHELMINA and GEORGE WASHINGTON, soar to the utmost height of society and of ton?

In the course of these papers I shall watch with interest her flight: and, blending my own quiet observations with hers, shall present an epitome of the town-life, which may serve as a guide to the ambitious, and as an encouragement to the humble.

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S O N G .

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DEDICATED TO MIRIAM G. GOODENOW.

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How oft have I thought, when in quiet reposing  
 On the green mossy banks of the wild Genesee,  
 When the mild summer-day in its beauty was closing,  
 How often I've thought, lovely MIRIAM, of thee!  
 It was there that in childhood we wandered together,  
 When the warm sun had kissed the night-dew from the lea,  
 And we plucked the gay flowers that grew on the heather,  
 While our hearts were o'erflowing with transports of glee.

And when we have sat on the bright grassy knoll,  
 Where the clear sparkling waters came dancing along,  
 How often for me hast thou poured forth thy soul  
 In the sweet-flowing cadence of exquisite song!  
 Thy voice was enchanting, and its sweetness hath hung  
 Round the chords of my heart like a magical spell;  
 Even memory now, when my rude harp is strung,  
 Will repeat o'er the strains that I once loved so well.

At times we have strayed through the deep forest shade,  
 Where the river grows rapid and wild in its flow,  
 And beheld the gay trout, as he sportively played  
 In the eddying pools of the clear stream below.  
 Thus we wandered together from morning till even;  
 We were careless of sorrow, our spirits were free,  
 While the place where we roved to our souls was a heaven,  
 And my beautiful MIRIAM an angel to me!

I love to resort to that cherished retreat,  
 When the lawn is bedecked with the flowers of May;  
 Though I sigh to reflect that I no more shall meet  
 With the friend of my youth, who is far, far away!  
 But, alas! those bright fancies of childhood have flown;  
 Yet, whenever my heart sends a thought after thee,  
 I shall think with delight of the joys we have known  
 On the green mossy banks of the wild Genesee.

New-York, January 1, 1852.

GEORGE W. ELLIOTT



## M Y F I R S T N I G H T O N P O S T .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It was in the summer of 1850 that I entered Camp Gaines with the corps of cadets. Many to whom that kind of life was new, will remember how disagreeable were the first two weeks of our encampment, when the rain fell almost incessantly, rendering guard-duty unusually fatiguing, while the bad weather allowed those off guard an immunity from the minor duties of the camp. The new cadets or 'plebs,' having been in the battalion but a few days, were not well enough disciplined to be detailed for guard, so the burden of labor fell on the first and third classes; no wonder, then, that every expedient was used to avoid it. I was a 'pleb' then, and having exhibited a tolerable degree of proficiency in the 'manual,' one of the first-class men, now an artillery officer, obtained permission for me to go on guard in his place. One beautiful morning, after donning my patron's uniform, which fitted me more like a bag than a tight, well-made suit, I took my place in 'C' company's detail, and, with a boyish feeling of pride for being the first 'pleb' on guard swelling in my bosom, was marched out to the parade-ground where the guard was forming.

After it was brought to the 'rear open order,' the adjutant commenced the inspection. By the time he came to me I was exceedingly nervous, for all sorts of strange stories about the severity exercised toward cadets were making me curse memory for bringing them up at such a time to arouse unnecessary fears about my dress and accoutrements not being in the most perfect order. But inspecting my gun, and finding it bright and clean, he cast a glance at the uniform I wore, and pushing my chin-strap lower, said, kindly, 'Very well, Sir,' and passed on without a word of censure. Then, after the band beat off the 'troop,' we were marched in review before the eyes of the fair ones who were thronging around the guard-tents. I will pass over the occurrences of the day, and come at once to the evening's entertainment, as my comrades called it.

It was nearly eleven at night when I found myself walking up and down a little path which ran near the tents, better known as 'Number Five.' I had been walking during the day, and, wearied with the heat, almost welcomed a heavy rain-storm which soon drove me to seek shelter in the sentry-box, whence I could catch glimpses of the scenery as the frequent flashes of lightning played over it. It was a bad night for a green-hand to be on post, for the roar of the storm and the worse than total darkness made it almost impossible to detect the approach of any one who might be disposed to 'devil' me. Whenever a transient flash lit up the camp with spectral light, I would throw a hurried glance around, and then draw my cape over my face to keep out the rain which beat full into my retreat.

During a momentary lull of the storm, footsteps were heard approaching the post from the camp. I challenged, 'Who goes there?' No

answer; but before I could call out again, a huge tent-peg came rattling into the box. I rushed out, disliking such target-practice, and running up the path, succeeded in stopping one of the jokers just as he was crossing it; but instead of retreating, he began to expostulate with me, and wound up a lengthy harangue on the impropriety of a 'pleb's' interfering with old cadets, by attempting to seize my gun. I called out, 'Corporal of the guard, Number Five!' and I could hear the words run from post to post as the sentinels caught the cry; but it was of no use, for my opponent yelled, 'Never mind the corporal,' and this the blockheads in the intermediate boxes repeated as lustily as the other. Succeeding in getting away from my assailant, I was backing off to give him the benefit of the cold steel, when I suddenly fell backward into a wheel-barrow which a third classan pushed against me; and after running a rod or so with me, he gave it a jerk, sending wheel-barrow, musket, and me over in the mud together. That barrow played a conspicuous part in that night's amusement, for every few moments it would come rattling down the path toward me in a very supernatural manner, apparently without aid from human hands.

Here was a fix! Full a dozen men, regardless of the weather, were practically 'deviling' me; the rain seemed to *pour* more than any thing else; my white pantaloons clung damply yet affectionately to my nether limbs. The corporal at the guard-tent was perfectly oblivious of my situation; and, above all, there was the absolute necessity for endurance until the relief came round. I entreated the jokers, in the name of our common uncle, to let me alone, and clear out. They answered by advising me not to get nervous. To add to my discomfiture, the occupants of a neighboring tent, aroused by the noise, raised the wall, and, lighting cigars, coolly enjoyed the fun, occasionally throwing out a hint whenever the game seemed to lag. One moment the tormentors would assemble in a body, and, marching up under the command of a six-footer, answer my challenge as an 'armed body of men.' Then they pretended to be the relief; and, advancing in perfect order, would be quite astonished when I charged them with the bayonet. As I was contending with two who wished, as they said, to take a sick tent-mate across my post to the hospital, the 'sick' man discovered a surprising energy in trying to lasso me with a tent-cord!

At last, one by one they dropped off to their warm beds, and left me perambulating in the mud, all the time suspecting this to be a mere ruse, in order to play a new trick. As if to confirm the suspicion, a tall fellow came suddenly upon me as I was entering the box. I lowered my musket, and was just about to run him through the leg, when his cool 'Steady! steady!' caused me to recognize the officer of the day. After giving the counter-sign, he asked my orders, and then, praising me for being so wide awake, passed on, leaving me once more alone with the storm. Before long the relief came round, and, leaving another man in my place, took me along to the guard-tents for a little rest. A little after three in the morning, the loud 'Turn out, second relief!' aroused me from the comfortless camp-stools on which it seemed I had slept scarcely a moment. With a sickening, overpowering sense of fatigue and exhaustion, I 'fell in' with the rest, and passed around the camp to my post,

where I was to walk two more hours in the mud. O how slowly the time dragged along! It seemed as if morning would *never* come. More than once I was asleep while walking, and would bring up against a tree or the sentry-box. I remember at one time awaking by feeling on my face the wet canvas of a tent, which, although some yards from the path, I had run into in my sleep.

It had ceased raining by this time, and heavy clouds were passing swiftly overhead, while between them the rich moonlight poured down on the white tents, the ruined breast-works of Fort Clinton, and the lovely Hudson seen between the waving cypress. The hills forming the eastern bank stretched away to the south in a kind of silvery haze, darkened in places by long, low clouds, whose bases touched the river, and mingled with the driving scud. But soon the gray light of morning spread over the horizon, and when the sun rose, the morning-gun welcomed it; and as the puff of smoke rolled slowly leeward, reveillé rang out on the fresh air in sweet harmony with the beauty of the glorious scene, which recompensed me for the miseries of 'MY FIRST NIGHT ON POST.'

# THE PROPOSAL.

BY FRANCIS COPCOTT.

You're late: the soup's gone!

DEAR ELLEN! — MISS LEEDS —

I — I — think that trout's spoiled — the cook's careless deeds.  
 I've something to say — CHARLES! the salt! — quite unusual,  
 And I hope — Superb sauce! — I shall have no refusal.  
 I'm relieved by that blush — This tomato's all seeds —  
 No, thank you; not yet, CHARLES: *first*, wait on Miss LEEDS.  
 Would it not be as well — Will you have some baked beans? —  
 To avoid farther blushing? They'll notice these *scenes*.  
 CHARLES! that partridge! Some breast? This is very good dressing —  
 I may say, since the day that I first had the blessing  
 Of seeing — Some pepper? — your face, that the passion  
 (Which e'er since the creation's been so much in fashion)  
 I feel, I felt then: and I hope you return it.  
 Well — thank you for THAT; for I feared you might spurn it.  
 By the way, I might say — Yes, I've done: take the plate —  
 As your *mother's* will only hangs *now* o'er our fate,  
 That I'm not *very* rich, and my income's not great,  
 But plenty to keep up respectable state: —  
 CHARLES! I've no spoon! — and as I hate fashion,  
 And observe that in that way you've almost no passion,  
 We'll have more than enough; you'll have no cause to sigh  
 For — Rice pudding? or do you prefer pumpkin pie? —  
 Aught that you wish, 't will be yours. — Which of these?  
 Nuts? 'Tis well, they are bad — these raisins, or cheese? —  
 I am just thirty-eight: I am frank, and — You've dined! —  
 In the morning I'll ask what's your dear mother's mind;  
 And from doubt of the future no trouble I'll borrow —  
 No! no coffee — Good-bye until dinner to-morrow.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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NICARAGUA: ITS PEOPLE, SCENERY, MONUMENTS, and the Proposed Interoceanic Canal. By E. G. SQUIER, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republic of Central America. In two volumes: pp. 876. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE announced this work briefly in our last number, and promised thereafter to indicate its character more fully to the reader. These volumes of Mr. SQUIER's, it is not too much to assume, will add greatly to his reputation. We had prepared an elaborate review of the work, which embraced a number of interesting and varied extracts from both volumes; but the accumulation of literary *matériel* upon our hands compels us reluctantly to forego the pleasure of presenting them; but that we may do at least partial justice to the author, a friend and an old correspondent, we annex the remarks of the capable critic of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, fully endorsing the just praise which is awarded to the work: 'It is mere justice to say, that these two elegant volumes are prominent among the most valuable contributions to the historical and antiquarian history of the country, while at the same time they are, in graphic relation of the incidents of travel through a wild country and among a strange people, almost without a rival in the crowd of modern journey-books. The author has brought to his task a capacity to observe minutely and describe accurately, while at the same time his vision has wide scope, and his style is nervous and flexible. He looks with reverent admiration upon the works of Nature, but he sees straight through the designs of man; and we consequently obtain from him a truthful and vivid description of the places he has seen, and the character and controlling motives of the people who inhabit them. Such a book as must needs have been the consequence of the travels of such a writer was needed just at this time about Nicaragua. The affairs of that country are assuming a commercial and political importance to us which can hardly be overrated; and Mr. SQUIER's book gives so thorough and clear a view of the internal politics of the place, and the position which England has assumed there, as well as of the facilities of communication with our territories on the Pacific which its waters afford, that it seems as if an actual journey in his footsteps would not secure more complete information upon these subjects than he affords to us, who 'stay at home at ease.' Certainly it would not, unless to the few who know how to travel as well as Mr. SQUIER. With regard to the pretensions of England, and the grounds for, or rather the groundlessness of them, he talks very plainly, and with so much reason in his plainness

as will bring the '*Quarterly*, so savage and tartarly,' about his ears with a vengeance; for we hear that nearly a thousand of this edition were immediately ordered for the English market.

'We have alluded to the flexibility of Mr. SQUIER's style. The facility with which he adapts it to his immediate subject is remarkable. Were the book first opened in the narrative portion, the author would be welcomed as a lively and picturesque writer, whose quiet satire and keen appreciation of the ridiculous, sparing not even himself in his sallies, would make his book the fascinating companion of rail-road or steam-boat travel; but his records of antiquarian discovery are those of a well-read, enlightened, and appreciative student of the past; while in other portions of his work—the introduction, for instance—he writes the philosophy of history with a far-reaching thought, and a stateliness of utterance, not unworthy of GIBBON, and not unlike him. The book has been published in the best manner. It is copiously illustrated with maps, views of scenery, drawings of the houses and utensils of the inhabitants, and representations of the idols and the various other relics of the race which ages since passed away from this now almost unknown country. Some of these illustrations are fine colored lithographs, which give the effect of the object represented in a way which could hardly be bettered. The letter-press is beautifully printed, with a large, but slender-faced type, which, in clearness and grace, far surpasses the heavy letter generally used; and, with the exception of a few trivial typographical errors, the externals of the book are absolutely unimpeachable.'

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LES CONFIDENCES: CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Author of '*History of the Girondists*,' etc., etc. Translated from the French by EUGENE PLUNKETT. In one volume: pp. 291. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is not perhaps too late to permit a correspondent who has perused the volume whose title is given above, to set some of its characteristics before the reader. For ourselves we can only say, that our own copy of the work was taken away from the sanctum by a light-fingered literary friend, as a rail-road companion, and we never saw it more; so that personally we cannot 'speak *by* the book' of the book. Our correspondent has regarded the story of '*GRAZIELLA*,' which runs through the volume, as its principal feature, and he has confined himself mainly to a *resumé* of that affecting narrative: 'ALPHONSE was a well-educated youth, of a good family in the south of France. With a heart in love with nature and a simple life, tired of study, he put into his pockets a few favorite books, and read and dreamed his way to Naples. Here, the beauty of the land and of the sea kept him enchanted for many weeks. Margellina is a suburb of Naples, upon the sandy beach, and inhabited by poor fishermen. Here he found a humble, but faithful friend, an old fisherman, with whom he spent whole days and weeks, idly floating upon the sunny waves which softly swell in the Bay of Naples. Being out one day longer than usual, they were overtaken by night and a sudden storm. Their little boat was a staunch one, built by the fisherman's own hands, and carried at its bow an image of St. FRANCIS, the fisherman's patron saint. Either the saint, who was strongly appealed to, or the well-made boat, took them safely to shore, at the foot of a rocky cliff on the island of Procida, a few miles from Naples. During the night,

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the faithful boat was dashed upon the rocks and broken up. The young man was much surprised to find that the fisherman had a cottage and a family in the orange-grove upon the cliff; and still more surprised by the natural grace and beauty of GRAZIELLA, the fisherman's daughter. With the help of ALPHONSE, the image of St. FRANCIS, which was saved from the wreck, soon graced the prow of a larger and better boat; and the father, daughter, and stranger were often upon the water. During the long, warm hours of mid-day, the fisherman's family enjoyed themselves in the cool shade of the orange-trees, listening with intense interest to the touching story of PAUL and VIRGINIA, as told over by ALPHONSE.

'As the fishing-season came on, the fisherman and his family occupied a small house at Margellina; and ALPHONSE found a room in a house near by. Here he was soon taken very ill, and was faithfully nursed by the fisherman's family; GRAZIELLA coming to him daily, with fresh flowers and oranges. On his recovery, he took a room in the fisherman's house, at his earnest request. While here, he performed many little services for the kind family; passing his time only too happily with the gentle GRAZIELLA; teaching her to read and to write, and telling out his stores of romance and love. The result can be easily anticipated, at least on the part of the innocent GRAZIELLA. She loved him as only an Italian maiden can love; while he, though charmed with her innocence and beauty, was not prepared to give up his family, his friends, and his prospects, by marrying a poor, ignorant fisherman's daughter. To help the precarious support of the family, GRAZIELLA was employed in carving and grinding coral, by a rich cousin who traded largely in coral ornaments and trinkets; many of them being made by the workmen and women at their homes. There was an old agreement between the two families, that GRAZIELLA and her cousin were to be wife and husband. The cousin's father was dead, and had left his estate and business to the son; thus the young and wealthy manufacturer was really a very desirable and not unwilling match for the portionless girl—moneyless, yet dowered with such a wealth of beauty and trustful love as would enrich the richest. But love is singularly inattentive to the proprieties of wealth and station; and GRAZIELLA, though urged and entreated by her parents, by her lover-cousin, and even by ALPHONSE, to fulfil their wishes, could not take away her heart from the one, and give it to the other. Then commenced a fearful struggle; with ALPHONSE, to either give up his prospects, his family, his education, and become a Neapolitan fisherman, or to fly and forget the loving girl, leaving her to wed the cousin; with GRAZIELLA, to strive to love her cousin, and to think that the young Frenchman would never marry her.

'At last, distracted with doubts and grief, on a cold and stormy night, the poor girl fled alone to the now deserted cottage on the island of Procida, and falling before an image of the VIRGIN, she cut off her beautiful raven tresses, placing them upon the holy image as a sacrifice of herself, and made a solemn vow to become the wife of him only who should first find her there. Long and diligent was the search, by the father, the cousin, and by ALPHONSE. How they *all* loved her! Not thinking it possible for her to reach the island, they had not thought of going there for her, until the bitter recollections of his happy days there irresistibly prompted ALPHONSE to go thither. He found her lying insensible upon the ground before the image of the VIRGIN, nearly dead with cold, hunger, and exhaustion. She there, for the first time, told him of her love; and he made a heartless vow never to leave her. Their secret was kept until the sudden illness

of the mother of ALPHONSE, for whom he had an unbounded affection, caused him to make an immediate and abrupt departure from Italy. Feeling the uncertainty of his ever returning, he could not bring himself to take leave of GRAZIELLA, and departed without the knowledge of any of his friends. Some letters passed between the lovers, (he had taught her both to write and to love,) but she never saw him again. The poor, forsaken girl pined, and sank away with tears into the last refuge of the weary, and the earth was glad to receive and shelter so lovely a burthen.'

Beneath a grassy knoll at the water's edge, at Margellina, surrounded by the shore and the waves which she loved so well, rests the once happy GRAZIELLA. No one can rise from a perusal of the volume which records this touching story, without a renewed admiration of the gifted and amiable author.

THE PODESTA'S DAUGHTER, and other Miscellaneous Poems. By GEORGE H. BOKER. In one volume: pp. 156. Philadelphia: A. HART, late CAREY AND HART.

WHETHER or not we really have themes for poetry in this country, it is no longer necessary to discuss. Despite the fact that we are an enterprising and go-ahead people, we have poets and poetry in abundance. Indeed, the art in America seems to partake of the steam-power which pervades all classes and conditions of men. Among the recent and more prominent aspirants after fame in this department, it must certainly be conceded that the youthful author of 'CALAYNOS,' 'ANNE BOLEYN,' and 'The Podesta's Daughter,' is entitled to a conspicuous and honorable reputation. We have heretofore essayed to do justice to his first and second works, in which, more truly and distinctly than from any other genius, the tragic muse has been displayed in our literature; and we proceed with that pleasure with which the generous critic is always inspired by an ability to praise, to indicate some of the chief characteristics of this new contribution to our *corpus poetarum*.

The principal piece in the volume before us is, as the title indicates, '*The Podesta's Daughter*.' The scene opens within the gate of an Italian church-yard. Duke Opo, with a martial train, enters as if from the wars. An old man, who wanders through the tombs 'like TIME among his spoils,' is the first face which the Duke recognizes on returning to his dominions. After dismissing his train, he enters the burial-ground, and addresses the aged Podesta:

'Good even, Signor!

'PODESTA.

'Welcome! An old man  
May fitly bid you welcome here; for I,  
Standing upon this grave-yard, sometimes feel  
Like an unseised inheritor who treads  
Hereditary acres long kept back.  
I am next heir to this domain of death:  
Ere many days, I'll come with funeral pomp  
To claim my full possession. Welcome, then;  
No breach of hospitality shall prove  
My right unworthy. I was thinking thus,  
Framing such salutation for a guest,  
While you stood in the gate-way.'

They converse some time of those slumbering beneath the grouped memorials; all the while the Duke remaining unknown to the Podesta. One tomb, upon which, under a garland, the simple name of 'GIULIA' is inscribed, stirs an emotion in the noble that discovers his secret to the reader. 'T was the grave of the



'Podesta's Daughter,' whom the Duke loved in times long past. He questions the old man how long she had been dead; and then the Podesta, seated upon his daughter's grave, tells the whole tale to the Duke; not guessing to whom it is narrated:

'Past griefs are garrulous,' he says, 'and slighted age  
Is pleased to listen to its own thin voice.'

With that partial fondness with which we always regard the memory of those we have lost, the father paints his child; and tenderly and simply prefaces her praises:

'I now may say it—she is dead so long.'

His office calling him frequently to the old Duke's castle, he sometimes used to bring the young GIULIA with him. There the Duke's son, Count Odo, from being her play-fellow, soon became her lover. They had loved each other long before they themselves knew it. This was noticed by the people round—gossips there were, it seems, in those days—and whispers came to the ear of Ugo, her brother, a youth of high and fiery spirit. Stung by the taunts, he

'Grew sad and moody, with an inward shame  
That soon ran over in a wrathful stream  
Of most unfilial censure.'

He warned his father to bring no more his sister to the castle. Then the old man also 'awoke to the shameful fear:' and so, when GIULIA sought him for the usual walk, 'he put her and her tears aside together.' At this action the maiden's heart awaked, as if from a trance, to know itself. Thus exquisitely is it told:

'THEN all at once that rapid sorcerer,  
The human heart, lit a new light within her.  
Still as life may be, flushed from brow to breast  
With modest scarlet, by my side she paused,  
Tracing the mazes of bewildered thought;  
I turned and left her; yet where'er I stopped  
And cast a backward glance, fixed as before,  
Her eyes inverted on her inner self,  
And all her senses idle, GIULIA stood,  
Seeming her own excelling counterfeit.  
Some strange thing stirred within her, that was plain.'

The lovers are forbidden to see each other, but they resort to secret means of communion. From that time his daughter was changed. Grief seemed to hang at her heart; and vainly the father strove to wile away her sorrow. Time went by; the autumn came; and rarely has this short description of its approach been excelled:

'TILL generous Autumn shook his jolly torch  
Around the land, and scared the rusty grass,  
And scorched the trees, and shook their fruitage down,  
And piled the dripping vains with purple grapes,  
And turned the year into a jubilee.'

One day Ugo, hunting in the wood, accidentally discovered GIULIA with the Count Odo. The boar which he had been following, escaping from his spear, broke into their retreat. Ugo, seeing the Count armed sufficiently to overmatch the boar, being himself unseen, turned from the wood, 'and bore the heavy secret home' to the Podesta. Upon GIULIA's return, the father, after pointing out the gulf that was between the Count's high station and her own, and how that Odo would not lead 'a new GERALDA to the altar-stone,' began to tell her of the danger of such loves:

'How reason can be melted in the glow  
Of tempted passion.'

The young girl's indignation at the dark hints of her father are very forcibly described:

'ALL the proud innocence of woman's soul  
Bounded aloft in dreadful majesty;  
And such indignant eloquence out-burst

At the gross taunt, that I, by helpless signs,  
Was glad to beg her mercy.

At the feast of the vintage, the *old Duke* (Count Odo's father) came himself to the festival, and, as it afterward appeared, to question GIULIA on various topics, in order to satisfy himself about her intellect, her education, and her accomplishments, that he might know for himself if she were worthy of his son; for he was acquainted with their loves, and was ready to consent to their union. The Podesta and Ugo were frightened still more at this marked attention, thinking the Duke might 'traffic in his son's behalf.' Therefore, to make all secure, they resolved to wed GIULIA to some one, no matter whom, and save her from the danger they imagined to be so imminent. They call GIULIA:

——'GIULIA came.  
A little hope was fluttering in her heart,  
And warming one small spot on either cheek;  
That died away, and never woke again,  
At my first sentence. 'Marry!'—she was firm:  
'Not all that cowards fear; not all the pangs  
This groaning earth has borne since man left Eden;  
Not all the cheating baits of fruitful sense,  
Ambition's crown, toil's gain, fame's tainted breath;  
Not all the spirit dreams of future bliss,  
No, nor the dictate of the Holy Church;  
The POPE's commandment, barbed with every ill  
That may be thundered from Saint PETER's chair,  
Should fright, bribe, master, or so far corrupt  
The heart which God assigned her to keep pure!'—  
She spoke this with her virgin eyes aflame,  
Blazing like MARS when he has clomb the sky,  
And looks down hotly from his sovereign height.  
I talked to her until the day-light wore,  
And evening lent its pathos to my words,  
Of what a daughter owes a parent's love—  
And I had been both parents joined in one;  
Of the great blessing which her mother laid  
Upon her infant's forehead, as she stood  
Upon the verge of Paradise, and saw,  
Forward and backward, heaven and earth at once.  
Would she be false to that, move saintly eyes,  
And wet the golden floor of heaven with tears?'

At last, prevailed upon by her father's pleading, she exclaims:

'Do with me what you will!  
But oh! in pity, get me to my grave  
As soon as may be! Life is wearying me;  
I would have rest from that which is within,'  
Said GIULIA; and her shaking hand she laid,  
With a low, plaintive sob, upon her heart.'

The Podesta and Ugo not having the heart to marry her against her will, resolve to give out, only to deceive the Duke and Count, that she was betrothed to her cousin FLORIO; and he was to appear with her in public, and bear her company, in order to give seeming truth to the report. On this being settled,

——'GIULIA raised  
The hollow spectre of a long-lost smile,  
And went her way.'

Rumor soon carried this report to the Count's ear; he sought out FLORIO, and though, upon meeting him, he was at first about to give way to passion, yet, upon learning from him that this report was true, he suddenly stopped still:

'And his face calmed, and a most lordly smile  
Lit up his features, as he cried aloud,  
In strong, firm accents, as a martyr might:  
'God bless you, FLORIO!' and burst in tears.  
'Twas the old fight 'twixt heaven and hell renewed,  
And, as of old, the battle-field was pitched  
Within the heart of man.'

The next day Count Odo went to the wars. But the poor girl, the sweet, gentle GIULIA, drooped and died a twelvemonth from the day the Count departed. With exquisite tenderness is painted the gradual decline of the maiden, her life fading away with the falling leaf. And these are her dying words:

“FATHER, first to you,  
I have no blame, nothing but thanks to give,  
And dying blessings. Udo, so to you,  
Who bore the wayward tricks of my disease  
With so much kindness, such unfaltering love.  
(God bless her, she was patient as a saint!)  
‘I do not ask the motives of your acts;  
For since you chose them, they must be the best.  
I have one word to leave behind me — hark!  
I loved Count Odo, and I die for it.  
This ring, which slides about my finger so,  
He gave me once — pray bury it with me.  
But I beseech you — ay, you promise me  
Before I ask it; that is very kind! —  
If Odo should return, to make him know  
That I, by deed, or word, or sign, or thought,  
Was never false to him. And tell him, too,  
Into the grave, with this one pledge of love,  
I go rejoicing; and he’ll see it shine  
Upon my finger thus in Paradise.  
Odo, dear Odo! — father — brother — God,  
Have mercy on me!’ And she closed her eyes,  
Shutting the world for ever from her sight.”

And thus ends the story. Then the Duke (he was duke now, for his father died in his absence) discovers himself to the old Podesta; tells him how he had loved his daughter with a pure and holy love; tells him all; thus producing a climax in which the highest tragic power is displayed. ‘Wo unto us,’ he says:

— ‘Wo unto us, blind men!  
We knit the meshes that ensnare ourselves!’

‘The Podesta’s Daughter’ overflows with expressions of a deep and genuine feeling. The fruits of a rich imagination are visible on nearly every page. Its style possesses the domestic tenderness of COWPER, combined with a ‘moving strain of melancholy, a resigned, gentle melancholy,’ so peculiar to the writings of COLERIDGE.

‘The Ivory Carver’ is a production original in its conception, and displaying a profound knowledge of the laws which govern our system. One great moral which is evolved is, that, ‘by due procession of the earth’s laws, good is drawn out of evil.’ From the dark unsightly tusk is shaped the smooth ivory. The work proceeds until, by a long, unceasing labor, the artist works out of the bone his divine idea. We see how differently different natures are struck with the same object. The artist’s wife perceives nothing but toil and trouble in what her husband is doing: she wonders he does not throw aside the ivory-bone, and carve fairy-ships, and toys, and rings, and play-things for the little ones. But he works on. His children distract him: they can see nothing but pain and death in the grim figure of the Ivory CHRIST. To them, the open wound, the wicked nails, the sharp thorns, are merely ghastly sights. They behold not the ‘triumph in the firm lip,’ nor the ‘gracious promise which struggles through the half-closed lids.’ They rejoice in the fields, the bright flowers, the songs of the birds; and they marvel that their father does not prefer these, to sitting day after day at the unsightly figure. Then the wife of his bosom dies, and the children are laid with their mother, and the artist himself is borne down by his bereavements, and becomes blind for the time. At last the light of heaven shines in on him again, and through care and pain he perfects the work.

MEMORIES OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS: or, London, from the Tower to the Crystal Palace. By F. SAUNDERS. In one volume: pp. 311. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

This book will have an extensive sale, because it will *command* it by the variety and comprehensiveness of its information. We recollect obtaining, when a lad, a copy of '*Leigh's New Picture of London*,' and to this day we trace much of our familiarity with the vast metropolis of Britain to the great interest which was awakened in our mind by the perusal of that volume. But Mr. SAUNDERS, himself an Englishman, and an old Londoner, has given to the American reader a 'compact manual for persons visiting the 'Great Metropolis,' so verbosely described by that preëminent twaddler, GRANT, 'or who contemplate making the trans-Atlantic tour.' As the compiler remarks, in a few modest words to his readers, it is the first book of the kind published in this country, and differs from ordinary guide-books in that it indicates, in a brief, suggestive way, the numerous shrines of genius, historical localities, and various memorabilia of London. 'More than any other city of Europe,' says Mr. SAUNDERS, 'the British capital abounds with nooks and corners, and the memorials of the great and good of past times;' and it is this precise kind of information, which the lover of literature and the intelligent tourist most desires, but which is usually inaccessible, that the manual before us is intended to supply. It exhibits London past and present at one view. There are no less than thirty-eight engravings in the book, representing the most memorable or interesting objects of a mighty metropolis, some thirty-five miles in circumference. Of the mechanical execution of the work, it is quite sufficient to say, that it is from PUTNAM's press.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. By JOHN S. JENKINS, Author of the 'History of the War with Mexico,' 'Political History of New-York,' etc., etc. In one volume: pp. 826. Auburn: DERRY AND MILLER. WILLIAM H. PERRY, Number 13, Park-Row, sole Agent for New-York City.

This capacious and authentic volume is written with great ability, and bears the impress of study, and laborious research into the sources of the history of this great State. Its tendency is to make us better acquainted with the sources of our greatness and prosperity, and with many of the men who have opened those sources, and wrought deep and enduring channels for them. The PRESIDENT of the United States, in a brief note to the author, expresses what we believe will be the verdict of all who peruse the volume, when he says, that 'he has drawn the moral lineaments of the characters of the several distinguished men who have filled the high office of Governor of the 'Empire State' with great success.' The introduction itself evinces that feeling of just pride in our noble commonwealth which is the best augury of the author's spirit and research; nor will any reader be disappointed in the promise thus indicated. The author has wisely avoided the introduction of public events, except so far as they are absolutely necessary to the illustration of the characters whom he describes. He begins with Gov. GEORGE CLINTON, the *Pater Patriæ* of his native State, and closes with the administration of Gov. HAMILTON FISH. Each biography is accompanied with a portrait of its subject, excellently engraved on steel by a distinguished artist. The volume, in short, to sum up a notice necessarily brief, is one which does credit to the writer and to the publishers.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



WE have rarely before had occasion to record in our official report a more genial meeting of the SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY than that which took place at the Anniversary Festival at the Astor House, on Saturday, the sixth of December, 1851. The day, so venerated by all true descendants of the Fatherland, was doubly interesting, because our city had just poured forth a spontaneous welcome to KOSSUTH, the illustrious patriot of Hungary. That exciting event somewhat interfered with the arrangements of the Stewards; but about five o'clock, a goodly number of members of the Society having assembled in the reception-room, the Secretary read the minutes of the annual meeting on the tenth of November, at which it appeared the following gentlemen had been elected officers:

#### OGDEN HOFFMAN, PRESIDENT.

HAMILTON FISH,	First Vice-President.
JAMES H. KIPP,	Second Vice-President.
JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D.,	Third Vice-President.
FREDERICK DE PEYSTER,	Fourth Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,	Treasurer.
CHARLES R. SWORDS,	Secretary.
RICHARD E. MOUNT, JR.,	Assistant Secretary.

#### M A N A G E R S .

SAMUEL JONES,	SYLVESTER L. H. WARD,
JOHN W. LIVINGSTON,	JOHN G. ADAMS,
CORNELIUS OAKLEY,	JACOB ANTHONY,
JAMES W. BECKMAN,	JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD,	AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND,
WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN,	D. HENRY HAIGHT.

REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D. D.,	} CHAPLAINS.
REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D. D.,	

BENJAMIN DRAKE, M. D.,	} PHYSICIANS.
WILLIAM H. JACKSON, M. D.,	

JOHN C. CHEESMAN, M.D.,  
JAMES R. MANLY, M.D.,

} CONSULTING PHYSICIANS.

STEWARDS.

NICHOLAS LOW,  
JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,  
JOHN J. CISCO,

PIERRE M. IRVING,  
AUGUSTUS SCHELL,  
WILLIAM J. BUNKER,

AARON B. HAYS.

The ceremony of inducting the newly-elected officers was cleverly performed by the Chairman of the Committee on Installation, Mr. WILLIAM BETTS. When this time-honored custom had been fully complied with, the PRESIDENT, accompanied by the invited guests of the Society, was conducted by the Stewards to the *daïs* at the end of the dining-hall; and the members of the Society, about one hundred and twenty in all, took their seats at the table, while DODWORTH's fine band played the national air of Holland, 'DE WILHELMUS.' The splendid dining-saloon of the Astor was very tastefully decorated by festoons of orange color, and superbly lighted by gas chandeliers, and branches with wax lights. At the upper end, behind the PRESIDENT's chair, was a full-length picture of DEIDERICH KNICKERBOCKER, in full costume: against the opposite wall was the Society's large picture of New-Amsterdam, as it appeared in 1656.

Mr. HOFFMAN took the chair, supported on his right by Mr. JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, the late President, and on the left by the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, one of the Chaplains. On either side were the representatives of the various 'Sister Societies' in friendly correspondence with Saint NICHOLAS, and the other distinguished invited guests. The sable waiting-men of the Society, arrayed in their picturesque liveries, attended to their usual duties at the various tables. The three cross-tables were presided over by the second, third, and fourth Vice-Presidents, Mr. JAMES H. KIP, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, and Mr. FREDERICK DE PEYSTER. Grace was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, one of the chaplains.

The choicest dishes of the Fatherland figured conspicuously in the elegant and liberal bill of fare. After the 'good things' of Saint NICHOLAS had been sufficiently discussed, the ancient weather-cock was placed before the PRESIDENT, who, assuming his cocked-hat, proceeded to deliver his inaugural address. The PRESIDENT then announced the following regular toasts:

1. SAINT NICHOLAS: Our patron Saint: supreme in cosmopolitan New-York. Music: '*Myn-heer Van Donck.*'
2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March.*'
3. THE ARMY AND NAVY. Music: '*Hail Columbia.*'
4. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March.*'
5. THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: Founded by old Amsterdam, she will never forget the noble lessons of her liberal parent. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'
6. THE FATHERLAND: which gave us the first example of a constitutional Union of Independent States. Music: '*De Volksliede.*'
7. 'EENDRACHT MAAKT MACHT.' The motto of Holland, suggesting our own, *E pluribus unum*. 'United we stand.' Music: '*Yankee Doodle.*'
8. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Saint NICHOLAS welcomes their representatives to his board, and hopes they will feel themselves 'at home.' Music: '*We are a band of Brothers.*'
9. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN: Our forefathers acknowledged their supremacy; their sons follow the example. Music: '*Here's a health to all good Lasses.*'

These toasts were drunk with enthusiasm, and with all the honors. In the unexpected absence of any representative of the army or navy, the President called upon Mr. CHARLES KING, the President of Columbia College, who spoke in the name of these arms of service with his usual felicity and force. The toast to the Governor was responded to by one of his military family, Mr. PRYNN, of Albany. In the absence of the Mayor, no reply was made to the toast to the city

of New-York. 'Our Sister Societies' acknowledged, through their several representatives, the friendly greeting of the Patron Saint of New-Amsterdam and New-York. Mr. YOUNG, of the Saint GEORGE's, Mr. MAXWELL, of the Saint ANDREW's, and Mr. BELL, of the Saint PATRICK's, concluded their speeches with appropriate toasts. Mr. KARCK, of the German Society, gave as a sentiment:

'COMMERCE: The Path-finder for Civilization, the Founder of Empires, the Parent of Political Liberty and Intellectual Culture.'

Saint JONATHAN replied through the fluent lips of Mr. M. H. GRINNELL, who submitted as a toast:

'THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE VAN CORTLANDT: Who commanded the squadron of Commimpaw which first doubled CORLAER's-Hook, and encountered the perils of Helle-Gadt.'

THE PRESIDENT then read letters from some of the invited guests who had been prevented from joining the festivities of the Society. Mr. GULLAN C. VERPLANCK concluded his letter with the following toast:

'THE WAR OF RACES: May it be manifested in the sons of New-York *only* in generous competition of love and honor for their city, and in rivalry in works of benevolence and public spirit for its prosperity, and the happiness of all its inhabitants.'

The Rev. Dr. JOHNSON, one of the chaplains, sent the following:

'THE SHIP OF STATE: May the joint owners keep her ballast in the hold, not at the mast-head.'

The several ex-PRESIDENTS of the Society at the table were then called upon in turn; and Mr. SAMUEL JONES, Mr. JOHN A. KING, and Mr. JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, each responded in eloquent and glowing speeches. Professor TAPPAN, of the New-York University, at the call of the Chair, made some admirable remarks upon the condition of education in this City, and upon the universities of the Fatherland and of Europe. The PRESIDENT here remarked that the 'upper house' at the *deïs* having now been exhausted, he would call upon the 'lower house' for their sentiments. Mr. JAMES H. KIR, the second Vice-President, then offered as a toast:

'HOLLAND, OUR FATHERLAND: The home of brave men and fair women: the enterprise and integrity of her sons, and the purity of her daughters, have won the homage of all who honor virtue and appreciate worth.'

Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, the third Vice-President, followed in some varied and interesting remarks, in the course of which he paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late PHILLIP HONE, Dr. KEARNEY RODGERS, and one or two other members of the Society who had deceased during the year. His remarks were listened to with profound interest and attention.

The fourth Vice-President, Mr. FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, after some very felicitous observations upon the misapprehension which existed respecting the forefathers of this State, and the tendency to view them, generally, in a light more ludicrous than just and honest, gave as a toast:

'THE ANGLO-NORMAN DUTCH: A blended race, surpassed by none in all the elements which constitute a nation's greatness.'

Dr. ADAMS, being called upon to make the usual annual medical report, sent to the Chair the following, which was drunk silent and standing:

'THE DEAD OF 1851: HONE, DAYTON, McEVERS, PARSHALL, RODGERS, ANDERSON, DE KAT, MANLEY.'

THE PRESIDENT then, assuming the imperative mood, 'by virtue of the authority vested in his cocked-hat,' called upon Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN to address the company. Upon this, Mr. VAN BUREN, rising with his long pipe in hand, addressed the chair in the sounding vernacular of the Fatherland. Finding that the ques-



tion which he had put in Dutch was not answered, Mr. VAN BUREN proceeded with some very clever remarks in English, which kept the tables in excellent humor. A retort from the PRESIDENT, in a very happy vein, followed. We regret that we have not been able to procure reports of either of these admirable speeches. Mr. HOFFMAN then proposed the health of THE STEWARDS; and, in some complimentary remarks, called upon Mr. BRODHEAD to reply. Mr. BRODHEAD briefly responded in behalf of his colleagues; and remarked that the Stewards had been mainly indebted for their success in dinner arrangements to the liberal and spirited hosts of the Astor-House, where the Saint NICHOLAS Society was now dining for the first time. Mr. BRODHEAD therefore felt sure that he only expressed the general feeling of the table, when he proposed that the company should drink in bumpers, and with all the honors, the health of the landlords of 'the flowing bowl,' COLEMAN and STETSON. Mr. COLEMAN and Mr. STETSON severally expressed their acknowledgments. Mr. BARLOW, Mr. MAXWELL, and Mr. STETSON followed with several excellent songs; and, at length, a little before midnight, ended one of the pleasantest entertainments which has ever been enjoyed by the descendants of the 'old KNICKERBOCKERS.'

AN INTERCEPTED PARISIAN EPISTLE. — We have great pleasure in presenting the accompanying 'Letter from Colonel Cranberry Fuster to Jefferson J. Grabiter, Junior, Esquire, Acting Editor Pro. Tem. of the Oldport Daily Twaddler. Since the time that Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM wrote her famous continental letters to the London 'JOHN BULL,' so authentic and graphic a communication as the annexed 'you will not find elsewhere.' But we venture to hint to Colonel FUSTER that he would do well to consult his illustrious prototype's record of what she enjoyed in the French capital. We commend him to an examination, especially, of the 'statute of LEWIS QUINZY, the king, who died of a sore throat,' and of 'HENRY CARTER,' another monarch, a relation of the 'CARTERS' of Portsmouth, whose 'posteriors,' as she calls his supposed descendants, 'are greatly degenerated in size and figure.' Nor should Colonel FUSTER omit an opportunity to see the Emperor NAPOLEON's coronation-robcs, 'all lined with vermine, and covered with flour-de-lise.' Least of all should so intelligent and 'inquiring' a traveller as Colonel FUSTER disregard Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM's injunction, while in Rome, to go and see the 'Vacuum where the POPE keeps his bulls,' and to 'visit St. PETER's great chapel, to hear *Tedium* sung,' which was 'not half so tiresome as she expected.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'Paris, Rue St. On-a-ray, November 10, 1851.

'MY DEAR JEFFERSON: We have always maintained, as you doubtless remember, that it does a young man, or even a middle-aged man, much good to see something of foreign lands; not that he can possibly hope to learn any thing there, especially in the way of morals or politics, but because (according to the popular belief, to dissent from which would be flat blasphemy) his experience of other countries must infallibly make him more contented and better satisfied with his own. Such a lesson cannot but be of great value, and is worth being learned thoroughly: it is therefore gratifying to find so many of our countrymen, particularly the more juvenile portion, disposed to learn it thoroughly. They frequently occupy several years in comparing the institutions of benighted Europe with our own, and studying the phases of life under despotic or semi-despotic governments, among all sexes and classes of the population. It can hardly be doubted that, when they return, it will be with a thorough appreciation of and preference for the manners, morals, and tastes of our own happy hemisphere.

'Our numerous friends and subscribers will doubtless be desirous to know, in the first place, the

particulars and incidents of our outward-bound trip. Unfortunately, our journal was interrupted very early in the passage; to say the truth, (which we may be permitted to do in the present instance, having nothing to gain by adopting a contrary course,) we have but a very indistinct recollection of what took place during the first thirty-six hours. Even after our ideas began to assume a more definite shape, and our locomotive and digestive faculties had recovered their pristine vigor, we found considerable difficulty in eliciting all the information we could have wished respecting the other passengers. Most of them seemed singularly stupid and incommunicative, although we took good care to let them know who we were, and left several copies of the 'Twaddler' on the saloon-table.

'As to the steamer herself, the 'Screw-driver' may justly be called a floating palace. *Shca'* n't any thing else; and her officers are men who deserve to win and have won golden opinions from every one. The captain secured us a seat near his own at table, and helped us out of his own champagne-bottle every day, so that we were enabled to dispense altogether with the usual formality of a wine-bill: of course he is a scholar and a gentleman; and as the mate smuggled through several thousand cigars for us, we cannot do less than pronounce him a most enterprising and gentlemanly man. The day before our arrival in port, we had the pleasure of proposing our commander's health in a speech of twenty minutes' length. At the conclusion of our remarks, the passengers manifested the liveliest satisfaction. The only dissentient voice was that of a specimen of 'Young New-York,' who audibly expressed a wish that 'he could get some of the gas out of that speech to put into the ale!' The impudent little sprig of codfish-aristocracy! The ale was quite good enough for him; I'll be bound he never drank as good at home; or if he did, it was because his father was a bankrupt, and cheated his creditors. But in truth, this young animal was of an insolence altogether insufferable: he did n't know his place, nor who he was talking to, and continually spoke of newspaper correspondents, and even of editors, just as if we were mere ordinary vagabonds; whereas your readers will acquit me of vanity when I say this much, that we are frequently very extraordinary ones.

'Another passenger, who gave himself very unnecessary airs, was a Mr. CARL BENSON, from the city of Gotham, a person of strongly-marked British sympathies, and a venomous enemy of republican institutions. I have reason to suspect him of being in the pay of Lord PALMERSTON, and that he has been hired to abuse our Southern brethren in the English periodicals. From a conversation in his state-room which I overheard, (accidentally, of course,) I gather that he is at present concocting for *Frazer's Edinburgh Magazine*, a scandalous, inflammatory, and would-be pathetic story on the subject of the *Fugitive Slave Law*. He showed his aristocratic disposition during the whole voyage by wearing the oldest clothes, never smoking, and drinking nothing but water; but this may also have been owing to the embarrassed state of his finances; for I was told that . . . .

[HERE we are constrained to omit a number of assertions and suppositions respecting our correspondent, CARL, and various members of his family, because we have no reason to suppose them accurate, nor, if ever so accurate, of the slightest public interest. ED. TWADDLER.]

'This young gentleman's criticism was on a par with his other opinions. One day I found him making merry over an article in the 'Young Ladies' Magazine,' a perfect gem, entitled, *The Death of Cesar*, and for which we are indebted to the pen of that sweet songstress of Arkansas, ANNA MARIA MATILDA BIGGS, who had on this occasion confined her aspiring pinions by the bands of prose; and, sooth to say, she danced in her fetters most gracefully. On my polite inquiry what there might be in this elegant composition that had so moved his mirth, he pointed disdainfully to the following sentence:

"A gun from the Capitol announced the approach of CESAR."

'It is unnecessary to dilate on the obvious anachronism. But can a gushing, impulsive, self-educated, inspiration-rapt female be expected to remember these niceties of scholarship like a small book-worm? And what must we think of the man's soul who could pronounce on the merits of a whole article from reading one sentence of it?

'Among our passengers were three Jesuit priests from Canada. I always make it a point to be civil to such people, on the principle that some African tribes worship the d—l: there is no knowing how much harm they may do you also some day. We had also on board four Protestant clergymen, of different denominations. When the first Sunday came, all the seven wanted to preach at once. We were obliged to submit their claims to the decision of the ballot. I gave my vote for the Catholics, in accordance with the true theory of social-democratic liberality and toleration: '*Always go against your own church, and never into any.*'

'We landed at Havre. Of this place I will not say that it *always* rains there, having had pretty positive experience that it *sometimes* snows. The difference in intellectual progress between the Europeans and ourselves was strikingly manifested from the first. This benighted population had

never heard of the 'Oldport Twaadler!' I doubt if even a copy of the 'New-York Saver' could have been found in the whole town! Of course I made the shortest possible stay in this moral wilderness, and hurried on to the capital of France, where I am now pleasantly enough lodged in the 'Sinkiame,' as they call it; but you do not sink at all to arrive at it: on the contrary, you have to mount either five or six stories, I am not sure which, for I always get put out in counting the steps. These elevated situations are recommended by the medical students, and others well acquainted with the laws of physiology, on account of the greater purity of the atmosphere. Our street derives its appellation from the fact that the saint to whom it is dedicated (St. PETER, I believe) is represented in the pictures as sliding down from heaven on a sun-beam, and is therefore called *Saint On-a-ray*.

'The disaffection of the people toward the government, and their admiration of and longing for our really republican institutions is so openly manifested on all occasions, that he who runs can't help reading. Every tradesman who called on me with his commodities took occasion to contrast their condition with ours, and to wish for a republic like the American. Mr. BENSON, who was present during one of these gratifying demonstrations on the part of a hair-dresser, muttered something about 'black' which I did not quite understand, and assured me that the man was 'coming soft-sawder over me,' and trying to empty my purse by stuffing me with praise of my country. But this explanation must be put down to the anti-republican bias of its author. I really do not think the French generally equal to such a dodge, for in some similar matters I have found them very slow of comprehension. For instance, when I tried to impress on my boot-maker that if he furnished me with a pair of new patent-leathers *gratis*, I might in return benefit his connection very much by mentioning him favorably in the columns of the 'Twaadler,' and recommending him to our countrymen visiting Paris: would you believe it? the stupid fellow could not be made to see the advantage of such an arrangement, and obstinately insisted on being paid in the current coin of the realm!

'Although rather pressed for time as yet, I have seen some of the lions. My first visit was naturally to the world-renowned cathedral of *Notre Dame*, (pronounced 'Not a d—n!') immortalized by its historical associations, and not less by having been the subject of a most original romance from the fertile pen of Madame DUBEVANT, better known by the *nom-de-plume* of GEORGE SAND. This majestic but somewhat dilapidated edifice has recently been undergoing considerable renovations; a process which might be extended with advantage to some of the other churches and public buildings. A countryman, whom I met on his return from Italy, informs me that this is still more the case in that unhappy priest-and-king-ridden country, where all the public edifices, he assured me, were very much out of repair. Such are the withering effects of despotism!

'But the last revolution here, partially counteracted though its effects have been by the intrigues of the Prince-President and his reactionary myrmidons, has left some glorious *souvenirs*; (you see I am beginning to acquire sufficient familiarity with the language to express myself in it occasionally;) among others, the triumphant inscription of progress, LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE, which appears in large black letters on all the national property, from the Church of God to the post-office for letters; from the proud palace of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the public wood-yard (*Timbre National*) in the *Rue de la Paix*. I was somewhat puzzled, however, to observe under almost every one of these mottoes an additional one, '*Défense d'afficher*.' Passing by one of these, with a French acquaintance, who possesses some knowledge of our language, and inquiring of him its meaning, he translated it, 'It is forbidden to stick;' but on attempting to explain himself farther, became so embarrassed that I saw there was a sore point somewhere, and forbore to press him. Mr. BENSON afterward let me into the mystery. It seems that, during the commotions which accompanied and followed the revolution of February, some of the apostles of freedom carried their zeal so far as to preach and sometimes practise the doctrine, that all aristocrats and enemies of the people should be disposed of by assassination. It therefore became necessary for the Provisional Government to mark, in the most decided way, their disapprobation of having recourse to such extreme means, which they did by the inscription aforesaid. The radicals at present confine themselves to making fun of the aristocrats, or 'silk-stocking gentry,' on all opportunities, on which account they are called '*mock-socks*.' While on this subject, I may mention that one of the streets in our quarter is called by the significant name of '*Daggers-o!*' Indeed, the names of the French streets, or *rues*, are in many instances exceedingly appropriate. One is called '*Hell-dare*,' from the desperate character of the gambling-houses in it; another, '*Petty Shams*,' from the little tricks of the store-keepers in it to gain custom. Then there are '*Tie-boot*' and '*Laffi*,' inhabited chiefly by shoe-makers and tailors. The street of the most fashionable shops is justly denominated '*De la Paix*,' ('*parce qu'on y paie le double pour toute chose*,' said my informant,) while, as a contrast, we have the '*Rue de Sèvres*,' in a more economical part of the city.

'The cookery of France has long been the boast of its inhabitants, and the puzzle of strangers. SIDNEY SMITH said of Lord BROUGHAM that he could not take tea without a stratagem; I may

say of myself, that I cannot take dinner without a mystery: there is a whole circulating library of them in every dish. However, I have not as yet, to my knowledge, eaten a frog, though I would not swear to being guiltless of the consumption of sundry cats and rats. Only yesterday I found the tip of the tail of some unknown animal — literally a tail of mystery — in one of our *table d'hôte* dishes. The practice of commencing dinner with soup, confined among us to the codfish-aristocracy, is here universal; and the poorer classes, rather than go without this national dish, sometimes absolutely make it of old shoes! But the distress among the lower orders here is such as a free-born American can have no idea of. In times of scarcity they are positively driven to consume their bed-clothes; in allusion to which circumstance, the French cooks, with their characteristic levity, have invented a dish called '*blankets of wool*!' The Parisians are very fond of ducks, (*canards*.) A particular species much in demand are called *Canards du Constitutionnel*, or '*constitutional ducks*,' from their wholesomeness. I have been pleased to learn that P. T. BARNUM, Esq., in his capacity of Agricultural Society President, has made arrangements for naturalizing this valuable breed in America.

'As a Frenchman always begins his dinner with soup, so he always ends it with salad. There are several kinds of this esculent in use; the best is called '*Lay-too*,' because it makes its appearance at that stage of the meal when the eater requires to '*lay to*,' or rest, after his prandiatory exertions.

'The duties of my responsible position leave me, as you may suppose, little time for mere amusement. But I was induced the other day to accompany Mr. BENSON to a sort of out-of-town hotel, whither the fashionables are accustomed to resort. It is called '*Mad-rid*,' from the frantic style of equestrianism in vogue among its frequenters. There I saw many of the first leaders of ton in Paris, female as well as male; '*grand dams*,' BENSON called them, which, however, in French does not mean *grandmothers*, but *great ladies*. The Baroness of Clichy, the Princess Mogador, and many other women of rank, were pointed out to me. The equipages of these children of luxury were superb; their dress and manners most elegant; but it was painful to observe that they had not been unscathed by the demoralizing influence prevalent in feudal countries: some of them actually smoked cigars! It rejoiced me greatly to remark, among other celebrities present, the resident reporter of the '*Sewer*': such an incident was truly gratifying, as a proof that men like ourselves find their proper place here, and meet with a due acknowledgment of their merits.

'The same evening we attended a splendid ball, in a very beautiful garden. These balls are called '*Mabille*,' from the French *s'habiller*, 'to dress one's self,' as being emphatically the dress-balls. The students and literary men of Paris frequent them, but they have somewhat fallen off of late, and the society is not quite equal to that of the *Mad-rid*. BENSON told me that the lady portion of the visitors were '*Low-rates*,' or second rates, as compared with the '*grand dams*' above mentioned.

'The post is waiting, and I must close in haste.

'Yours ever, CRANBERRY FOSTER.

BRIEF RECORD OF NEW WORKS, ETC. — '*The Almighty Dollar*,' a weekly journal, appears in columns 'bloody red.' It has a singular look, and quite dazzles the eyes. The sheet has a good variety of matter; among which we observe an uncredited story from this department of the KNICKERBOCKER. Perhaps the '*Dollar*' is a pirate, and therefore sails under a red flag; but we rather guess not. - - - '*Clovernook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West*,' is the title of a new work by Miss ALICE CAREY. These Recollections lie among some sad and touching scenes, and abound in graphic pictures of life in the west, drawn with considerable skill. There is no pretence to elegance or refinement of style, but its very plainness seems adapted to the everyday life and incidents presented to the reader. This book corresponds, in beauty of type and paper, and the peculiar finish of the wood-cuts, with the publications of Mr. REDFIELD we have already noticed. - - - '*The American Almanac*,' indispensable as a manual of reference, and crowded with valuable facts, has recently been issued by Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston. It has deservedly achieved a wide reputation and circulation, both in Europe and America. Its entirely reliable accuracy is one among its many merits. - - - MESSRS. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND have commenced, with '*Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling*,' a uniform edition of all of FIELDING's works, with illustrations by CRUIKSHANK. A good move, and timely thought of. - - - An excellent edition, very much enlarged and improved by the author, of '*Salander and the Dragon*,' has just been published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. This work deserves, and cannot fail to receive, a very wide circulation. It has one preëminent merit; it is written in a style of great purity and simplicity, and its moral and religious inculcations are of the highest order.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — A note lying before us, announcing the approaching '*Anniversary of the Burns Club of New-York*,' set us to thinking, an hour ago, of that noble Son of Song in whose honor it is to be celebrated: and we have sat regarding NASMYTH's beautiful portrait of the poet, (a present from an esteemed Scottish friend,) which ornaments the sanctum, until we cannot resist the inclination to put our musings upon paper. Yes, there he is — ROBERT BURNS, the Peasant-Bard of Scotland! The marks of intellectual beauty in that face are of the highest order: 'the lips, ripe yet not coarse nor loose, full of passion and the capacity of enjoyment, are slightly parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones show thought massively and manfully every where; the large dark eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good-humor and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise;\* a gleam as of the morning-star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world.'

'A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Is written in that manly eye  
And on that manly brow.'

BURNS's biographers all tell us that the tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features; and one of them mentions the remark of a noble lady, that 'even if you shut your eyes, and BURNS opens his mouth, he will take you captive.' As we look now at that face of the truest, the 'sweetest bard that ever breathed the soothing strain,' we cannot help remembering how he was neglected while living by the country whose chief glory is now associated with his name. Why did not Scotland help BURNS while he lived? Why did 'Old Scotia,' so dear to his heart, permit him to die in obscurity and want? Why did not some of his 'noble' friends, his admirers, soothe his last hours by positive sympathy? — giving him of their earthly store a portion wherewith to cheer his declining days? As he himself sings, they would have

'Gor a blessing with the lave,  
An' never miss't.'

but no; they must wait until he had died; and when years had passed by, and he lay silent and low on his bed of dust, *then* Scotland felt what she had lost, even more than what she had gained in the immortal fame of her most gifted son. 'Madam,' said our friend and correspondent, Dr. FRANCIS, to the widow of ROBERT BURNS, 'your husband was a great poet. His fame is as wide as the world. He was a *great* poet, Madam.' 'Ay,' she replied; '*I have heard so since he died!*' There was a world of sorrowful satire in that single remark. How 'short the time 'twixt now and then' in BURNS's history, past and present! *Now* the little town where his ashes rest glories in the honor which they confer upon it. Streets, we are informed by CURRIE, are named after him; the walks are revered where he loved to muse; and his grave, that 'Mecca of the mind,' may be traced by the worn path-ways which pass the unnoticed tombs of the

\* It makes us glad to be able to say, in parenthesis, that the eyes, the mouth, the rounded lower jaw and dimpled chin, are as like 'Young KNICK's as any man's and boy's could be. We should not have spoken of this resemblance, had it not been remarked by scores of friends, including quick-judging artists, in the sanctum. And perhaps we had better not have mentioned it, as it is. But 'what is writ is writ.'



learned, the pious, the brave, and the far-descended, and lead to that of the inspired peasant; a monument is raised to him on the Doon; a noble statue, from the hand of FLAXMAN, stands in Edinburgh; and BURNS Clubs celebrate his birth-day not only all over Britain, but on the banks of rivers that pour into the far Pacific, the Amazon, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Indus, and the Ganges. Poets, themselves immortal, have celebrated him in verse; statues are made from his chief characters; pictures are painted from his vivid delineations; and even the rafters of old Alloway-Kirk have been formed into ornaments for the necks of ladies, and drinking-cups for the hands of men. But there was something more than mere neglect of BURNS by his own countrymen. It was a long time before his genius was properly appreciated, or at least cordially recognized. When he first went to Edinburgh, we are told, the 'men of mark' at that capital were chary of admitting the merits of a rustic poet, who not only claimed but *took* the best station on the Caledonian Parnassus. It was n't a pleasant sight to philosophers, historians, and critics, to see a peasant, fragrant from the furrow, elbowing his way through their polished ranks to the highest place of honor, exclaiming:

'What's a' the jargon o' your schools?'

There were not wanting certain critics who perceived in his poems the 'humility of his origin.' Other some pronounced them to be the labors of some 'gentleman,' who 'assumed the rustic for the sake of indulging in satire.' Their knowledge was reckoned beyond the reach, and their flight above the power, of a simple ploughman. Ungrateful, jealous carpers! Had some power given them the gift to look a little into the future, they would have saved themselves the mortification of making an unsavory meal of their ungenerous words. Now none among the most illustrious of his countrymen are too great to do him reverence. BURNS's song, says one of these, 'was of the human heart, of the mind's hopes and fears, and of the soul's aspirations.' He gives us, not the outward form and pressure of society; *he gives us flesh and blood*: all he has, he holds in common with mankind. He was no imitator. 'His light was of nature, like sunshine, and not reflected;' and his shadows of grief or foreboding were from the darkness that enrobed his soul. In ease, fire, and passion, he was second to no one save SHAKESPEARE. His verse was sparkling and spontaneous. He wrote from the impulse of nature; and his strength was equal to his harmony. 'Rugged, westlin words were taken from the lips of the weaver and the ploughman, and adorned with melody and feeling, and familiar phrases were picked up from peasants and mechanics, and rendered as 'musical as APOLLO's lute.' His variety is equal to his originality. His humor, his gayety, his tenderness and his pathos came all in a breath. 'No poet,' says Sir WALTER SCOTT, 'with the exception of SHAKESPEARE, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions.' 'His excellence,' adds CARLYLE, 'is plain and easily recognized; his sincerity, his indisputable air of truth. His were no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow, fantastic sentimentalities; no wire-drawn refinings, either in thought or feeling. The passion he traced glowed in a living heart; the opinion he uttered rose in his own understanding, and was a light to his own steps. He wrote not from hear-say, but from sight and experience. It is the scenes that he lived and labored amidst that he describes; scenes that, rude and humble as they were, yet kindled beautiful emotions in his soul—noble thoughts and definite resolves. He spoke out what was in him, because his heart

was too full to be silent; and he spoke it in his own genuine melody and modulation. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that of all the poets that ever wrote, BURNS, in our judgment, excels *all* others in the *directness* with which he reaches and secures his reader's sympathy. You feel rejoiced to know that when a boy he felt as *you* did when a boy. *You* loved to read the 'Vision of Mirza;' *you*, too, had heard ADDISON's hymn, 'How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!' and the lines,

'For though on dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,'

were music to *your* boyish ear as well as to his. We speak of this as an actual, personal experience. And there was another hymn, which we are *sure* BURNS would have felt, when a boy, as we did when we first heard it read at a conference-meeting; especially the lines:

'ONCE on the stormy seas I rode:  
The wind was high, the night was dark;  
The ocean yawned, and hoarsely roared  
The waves that tossed our foundering bark!'

BURNS had no equal in vivid descriptions of nature, which he loved in all its varied aspects. It was his delight, he himself tells us, to wander alone on the banks of Ayr, whose stream he has made immortal, and to listen to the song of the black-bird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure in walking on the sheltered side of a wood, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight to ascend some eminence, during the violent agitations of nature, and amidst the howlings of the tempest to apostrophize the spirit of the storm. 'Rapt in enthusiasm,' on such occasions, he says, 'I seem to ascend toward HIM who 'walks upon the wings of the wind.' You will feel all this, reader, if you are a true appreciator of the poetry of BURNS. Who, since he wrote, has ever seen a long, leaden, saturate 'strata'-cloud, toward an autumnal gloaming in November, without thinking of these lines from a poem intended as a farewell dirge to his native land, when about to leave it:

'THE gloomy night is gathering fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain.

'The Autumn mourns her ripening corn,  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly;  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave!  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.'

Who, by a single word, like the one last felicitous pencil-touch of a great master, ever painted an object or a scene more faithfully than BURNS? In the first place, you always see *him* when he speaks of himself; whether he sits lonely by the 'ingle-cheek' and 'eyes the spewing reek' from the burning wood, as you perhaps have done during many a country evening reverie, what time

—'the North his fleecy store  
Drove through the sky:'

or whether he walks along the heathery mountain-side; by the stream running in 'twisting strength' or 'wild-roaring o'er a linn;' over heathy wastes, or through the 'bracken glens.' Now here are four different stanzas from four separate poems of BURNS's, indicating characteristics of the seasons; and we



desire the reader, who would '*practise* writing poetry,' as one of our would-be correspondents phrases it, to note how condensed, how perfect, is the picture in each; and then think how many people who '*practise* writing poetry' would have covered six pages of foolscap without expressing one half so much. We take the order of Summer, early Autumn, late Autumn, and Winter:

'In Simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
And corn waved green in ilka field,  
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw in ilka bield.'

'WHEN chill November's surly blasts  
Made field and forest bare,  
One evening, as I wandered forth,  
Along the banks of Ayr.'

'THE wind blew hollow frae the hills;  
By glints the sun's departing beam  
Glanced o'er the fading yellow woods,  
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream.'

'In Winter, when the rain rained cold,  
And frost and snow on every hill,  
And BOREAS, wi' his blasts sae boid,  
Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill.'

Now just observe the few simple vernacular terms that make up the picture presented in each of these verses. You have the very spirit of summer in the first; you hear the wind blow '*hollow*' from the hills in the second; in the third you seem almost to hear the '*surly* blasts' of November howling along the melancholy banks of Ayr; and as for the fourth, it almost makes one shiver to read it. The rain, that '*rains cold*,' and the 'frost and snow on every hill,' are *visible* objects. Burns doesn't cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter. He doesn't 'unpack his heart with words,' for the expression of true, deep feeling is always brief. There is another winter-verse of Burns's, however, that is even more forcible; as any one will say, who has ever been overpowered by the sublime winter-view from the road that leads over the top of the Kaätskill Mountains:

'WHILE *maniac* Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrents' roar,  
Or sweeping wild, a waste of snows'

Elsewhere, also, we have an admirable limning of winter, and at the same time an evidence, under the poet's own 'hand and seal,' of the deep love he bore 'great Nature.'

'EVEN Winter bleak has charms for me,  
When winds rave through the naked tree;  
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree  
Are hoary gray;  
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,  
Darkening the day!

'O Nature! a' thy shows and forms  
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms,  
Whether the Summer kindly warms  
Wi' life and light,  
Or Winter howls in gusty storms  
The long dark night.'

To-night, the birds are dumb in the withered bowers; the 'chained streams are silent as the ground,' as though 'DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand;' and, without the sanctum, the wintry winds howl along the sky; there are muffled sounds in the snowy air, and window-blinds bang dismally along the deserted street. Yet have we had to-night pleasant solitary thoughts of one

— 'NURST in a peasant's lowly shed,  
To hardy independence bred,  
By early poverty to hardship steeled,  
And trained to arms in stern misfortune's field.'

and the lesson—for it is a fruitful one—we trust will not be lost upon the reader. Let us hope that the true poet, whose *genius* we have been considering, when he

'went hence and was no more seen,' was welcomed to 'another and a better world,' toward which his aspirations so often tended. Let us hope that his beautiful *'Prayer written in the Prospect of Death'* was answered by the 'All-Forgiving FATHER:'

'O THOU unknown, ALMIGHTY cause  
Of all my hope and fear,  
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
Perhaps I must appear!

'If I have wandered in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun,  
As *something* loudly in my breast  
Remonstrates I have done:

'Thou know'st that THOU hast formed me  
With passions wild and strong,  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

'When human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty slept aside,  
Do THOU, All-good, for such THOU art,  
In shades of darkness hide.

'When with intention I have erred,  
No other plea I have  
But, THOU art good; and goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive!'

BURNS was seldom without fervent and solemn thoughts as to the mysteries of the eternal future. In one of his familiar letters to a friend he says: 'I would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses of the seventh chapter of Revelations inspire me, for all that this world has to offer:' and these verses are as follows:

'THEREFORE are they before the throne of God, and serve HIM day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne dwelleth among them.

'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

'For the LAMB that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

It was in view also of such a place of rest that BURNS said: 'I am transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and uneasiness and disquietudes of this weary life; and if I do not deceive myself, I could hopefully and cheerfully resign it:

"THE soul, uneasy and confined at home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.'

But the night wears apace, and we must 'ruminate bedward.' - - - We see it stated, in one of the daily journals, that '*Spiritual Knockings*' are at a discount in a certain mid-land town of the 'Empire State,' by reason of a curious discovery which had been made by a believer in the mysterious agency. A credulous gentleman, who had all the windows in his house broken by the potent spirits, was about to remove to some more favorable place of abode, when it was accidentally discovered by a neighbor that his secret enemy was a glazier in the vicinity, who was thus playing upon his superstition, and making business for himself at the same time. This incident reminds us of the second of the two men who represented a lion in a certain play at the Haymarket Theatre in London, in ADDISON's time! The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and would n't suffer himself to be killed as easily as he ought to have done; beside which, it was observed of him that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion's skin; and having dropped some words in ordinary conversation, to the effect that he 'had not

fought his best,' and that he 'suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle;' and that he would wrestle with his antagonist, the acting-manager, for any wager he pleased, it was deemed necessary to discard him; the ostensible ground of the discharge being, that he 'reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.' The second 'lion' was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession; but he was discharged for the reason that, in his assumed character of a lion, he every night ripped up the flesh-color doublet of his antagonist, to make work for himself in his private capacity of tailor! - - - Lest some incredulous reader should assume that the subjoined letter is a fabrication, we beg leave expressly to declare that it is a veritable production, here printed from the original, without the slightest variation, in word, letter, or punctuation. It was sent to an enterprising publishing firm in Auburn, in this State, who had announced '*The New-York Justice*,' a legal publication, as 'in press.' The letter, upon inquiry, was found to be entirely authentic, the writer living then, as now, in a certain town in the county of Ontario. His name we suppress, with the exception of the initials:

'MR D — AND M —: I Seed in a little Book the other day an account of a book Cald the-nu yorke gustise which yu sa is in the *pres* I wuld like to no when you will git thru presen on it I want one of them books most orfully I were elected Squire last Spring to our town Meten to take effect the first of january my frends told me that the County Clerk wuld qualifi me I Called on him the first of jan to be qualifide and he said he Culd not du that thing he culd sware me in and I must du the other my Selfe here I am green as Cattle never Sude any body — never was Sude: witnes never but once on a guri twist and at that time never thout of bein Squire please rite me when you will have that book presed I will give you your prise if you want take any les.

'Yours &c

D. D. S —, Square.'

Mr. 'D. D. S.,' *Square*, is a fine specimen of a 'Gustis of Pease' in one of the noblest of our mid-land counties, isn't he? It would have been a rich treat to hear him 'lay down the law' to his *less* informed auditory! - - - SOMEHOW or another, the entering upon a New-Year always brings to the minds of those who *look down* upon the descending side of the hill of life, even from its top, almost painful thoughts of coming Old Age. But need this so to be? Old age need not be felt in the mind as in the body, even when it arrives. Time's current may wear wrinkles in the face that shall not reach the heart. 'Old Age' is comparative. METHUSELAH was a young man at five hundred; and even in our day many a man is younger at sixty than another at forty. We like the cheerful spirit and the quiet philosophy of the genial poet, in his seventieth year, who sang:

'I know I'm old — my strength declines,  
And wrinkles tell the touch of Time;  
Yet might I fancy these the signs  
Not of decay, but manhood's prime:  
For all *within* is young and glowing,  
Spite of old age's *outward* showing!

'Yes! I am old: the dance, the song,  
Gay crowds and sports no more allure;  
I shun the gay and giddy throng:  
Yet, ah! how far more sweet and pure  
*Home's* tranquil joys and mental treasures,  
Than Dissipation's proudest pleasures!

'Yes; I am old: Ambition's call,  
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit,  
That once could charm and cheat me — all  
Are now detected, passive, mute!  
Thank God! the *Passions* and their riot  
Are bartered for content and quiet!

'Yes; I am old: but as I press  
The vale of years with willing feet,  
Still do I find life's sorrow's less,  
And all its hallowed joys more sweet:  
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,  
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scratches!'

These thoughts are not unnatural to one who reflects that life itself is, as CARLYLE expresses it, but 'a momentary convulsion between two tranquil eternities; an avenue to death; as death is the gate that opens to a new and more enduring life.' - - - 'A FRIEND of mine,' writes a pleasant country correspon-

dent, (who will always be welcome,) 'made a remark the other day which struck me as being eminently just. Said he: 'If I should rush into a barn and run against a pitch-fork, why would the occurrence be like a figure of speech?' I replied that, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, I was unable to answer, and desired an explanation. He replied: 'Because it would be a *metaphor*.' I was startled; but, on reflection, not at all surprised: for my friend is a man of readiness, with ger-reat intellectooal pow-er!' - - - Our contemporary of the '*Boston Morning Post*' daily journal, in a very cordial and flattering notice of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, speaks as follows of one of the articles which it contained: 'It has a *very* beautiful sketch called '*CHARLOTTE MAX*.' The author signs himself '*FRANCIS COPCUTT*;' but a man who writes as he does, may write in his own name. The composition in question describes the sickness and death of little '*LOTTY*,' and we speak advisedly in saying that it is as plainly stamped with the mark of genius as if it had been three duodecimo volumes long. We have not met with any thing so good this many a day. It is simple, unaffected, and unexaggerated. It is *THE* thing. Who is the author? If he can produce more of the same sort, he will be a leader in our literature. It is a perfect gem of its kind. We have seldom read a short production by any body, in which the '*just enough*' was more delicately told.' The author of '*CHARLOTTE MAX*,' one of our regular contributors, laughed loud and long when he perused the above 'first-rate notice in the *Boston Post*.' '*FRANCIS COPCUTT*' is no *nom de plume*, but a real name, as our friend Colonel GREENE can easily ascertain, by stepping in at ADAMS AND COMPANY'S express office, and looking at a New-York directory. - - - The public mind has been of late years often directed to the country, the people, and the monuments of Central America. The publications of STEPHENS, the aggressions of British power, the absurd farce of the coronation of a breeches-less Indian as king of the Mosquito Territory, and the recently-issued and exceedingly interesting work of Mr. SQUIER upon Nicaragua, elsewhere noticed in the present number, have made this portion of the continent a locality of unusual interest. A new claim upon our attention, and one of really not a little moment, is presented by the '*importation*' from that little-known region of two very diminutive human beings, said to have been brought from a recently-discovered city in the remote interior, shut in by mountains, and protected by the almost impassable precipices and volcanic gorges which abound there, according to the testimony of all travellers. These *Aztec Children*, as they are called, are now being exhibited at the rooms of the Society Library, and a visit to them will ever be remembered as an interesting event, whatever view may be taken of their origin, or of the story of their arrival here. It is exceedingly difficult to give any idea of them by description, or to communicate to others the strange emotions which their presence awakens. This arises from their utter unlikeness to any human or even apish being which has ever been seen here before. We cannot say that they are more or less dwarfish than such or such a dwarf, or that they unite human traits with those of the most human-like tribe of monkeys: they are *sui generis*; like themselves and like nothing else; and the fact that a pair, a boy and girl, exists, proves conclusively that they are specimens of a *race*, and not mere instances of monstrous deviation from the laws of Nature. We have heard it universally admitted by all who have *seen* them, that they are more strange and wonderfully curious than can be imagined by those who have *not* seen them. Scientific investigation has been able to bring to light little which has not already been told with regard to them; and from

the mere want of some other mode of accounting for their existence, and their presence here, we are compelled to fall back upon the extraordinary and thrilling tale which is told of the discovery of IXAMAYA, said to be their native place, and of their journey thence. Startling as that is, it is the most acceptable story yet given with regard to them. These little creatures are called 'children,' but they have evidently very little growing yet to do; and still they are only twenty-nine inches in height, while in the proportions of their bodies they are utterly unchild-like. Their physiognomy is as peculiar as their forms, being strongly Eastern in its character, and their habits are as strange as their personal appearance: yet nothing about them creates aversion; they only awaken wonder and delight. Truly they are strange phenomena. - - - We don't *know* about publishing the 'Lines on a Boston Belle.' 'Is there no offence in them?' we ask with HAMLET's uncle. If there *should* be, how shall we hold up our head when we visit the 'Literary Emporium,' next summer? How shall we keep the rebellious blood from our cheeks at Nahant, at Cambridge, and Agawam? How will such lack of gallantry be rewarded at Mattapoisett, when we go there, as we intend to do, to join once more in a genuine country-ball? In no part of Massachusetts can a 'Boston Belle' be assailed with impunity. But after all, come to think of it, *we* didn't write the poetry, 'ye kno'; 'e-a-ä-n't blame us, 'don't ye see?' So here are the lines:

'THOUGHTFUL in her solitude,  
Beneath the moon a maiden stood;  
The child of 'Pilgrim Fathers' she,  
Those Pilgrims, that across the sea  
Hither fled from tyranny,  
Seeking Freedom; in their turn,  
Instead of being burned, to burn;  
And cold, and passionless, and fair,  
Silently she, muses there;  
While mellow beams of falling light  
Were nestling on her shoulders white.  
And she was wondering — with her eyes  
So radiant from the moon-lit skies,  
With moon, and stars, and night to shame her —  
Was wondering if the light became her.  
Indeed, a lovelier girlhood now  
Beams in that light upon her brow;  
The haughty lips in shadow hide  
Their stern compression and their pride;  
While the keen glance, as cold and gray  
As her New-England skies by day,  
Has something of the heaven that lies  
Far beyond New-England skies.  
But she is one who cannot know  
An unpremeditated throe  
Of human happiness or woe;  
Her hopes, her joys, her passions seem  
Like currents of an ice-bound stream,  
Whose waves with dull and noiseless tide  
Beneath the frozen surface glide.  
Yet is she conscious, none the less,  
Of her exceeding loveliness;  
The loveliness of shape, the charm

Of dimpled hand and moulded arm;  
The symmetry of form and face,  
That soulless, soul-absorbing grace  
Which in its excellence alone,  
Can defy a sculptured stone.  
She has her dreams — of wealth and station;  
Her reveries — of calculation;  
Her maiden hope of love and marriage,  
To rule a house and keep a carriage;  
And she is pure as falling snow  
Before it touches earth below,  
Or dew-drops in a frosty spring,  
Or any other frozen thing.  
But, in her eyes, the outstretched scene,  
The forest fringe, the fields between,  
The sparkling sky, the moon-lit earth,  
Are nothing, less than nothing worth.  
The river, through the distant haze,  
Glittering in the moon's calm rays,  
Even in that dreamy hour,  
Is to her — a water-power;  
The earth is only made to till;  
Streams only run to drive a mill;  
The stars, the moon, the vaulted sky,  
Hang over them — she cares not why.  
And were she now, as well she might,  
To petrify in that still light,  
Her change to marble would not rob  
Humanity of one warm throb.  
It seems a wicked fancy, this,  
And yet the world would scarcely miss  
The cold existence which had fled,  
With such a statue in its stead? M. W.

OUR friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON,' now sojourning with his family in Paris, is furnishing a series of lively letters to that admirable journal, the '*New-York Spirit of the Times*,' descriptive of the scenes attendant upon the recent *coup d'état* of that unique specimen of a 'Republican,' LOUIS NAPOLEON, the 'nephew of a dead uncle of that name.' 'CARL' thus wakes up on the morning after the 'demonstration':

'I FELT no inclination to rise on Tuesday morning before nine, nor indeed at nine, but the cook entered for orders. It was about an hour earlier than her usual time of going to market, as a reason for which anticipation she alleged a fear of being shot if she went out later.

"Being shot!"

"Ah, you in your bed there, don't know what's going on. We're all in a state of siege; the Chamber's dissolved; the PRESIDENT has appealed to the people. CHANGARNIER, and LAMOURIZIERE, and THIERS, are in prison, and all the soldiers have come up from the provinces!"

"Well, I told GAYLORD CLARK I was going to Paris to see the next revolution, and here it is, sure enough!"

"Enter my valet with the hot water. 'What's all this row about, DESIRE?"

"DESIRE repeats, in slower and more intelligible terms, all that MARIE had stated, with the additional pleasing information that we were prisoners in the house (we live just next door to the President; only one small house and one street between us and the Elysée.) My Irish-American groom, attempting to leave the premises on a commission for me, had been stopped by a couple of soldiers, and on his politely denominating them *canaille*, and making preparations to dispose of them, a *la Kilkenny*, about half a company surrounded him, and were about to punish him with a *violin* gratis for his war-dance; but the *concierge*, who is the usual Providence of all *locataires*, interposed like a *Deus ex machina*, and contrived to rescue him from the armed force. Well, we must dress and eat our breakfast, revolution or not; so the toilet proceeds, and about the time of its completion enter JAMES in a white hat, swearing that he will pay off the soldiers for collaring an American citizen! There's a citizen for you! He lived in New-York eleven years, and never took out his naturalization papers, for fear of having to pay seventy-five *centis* militia commutation-money; he only took them out at last because he could not procure a passport without them; and now he is an American, forsooth!"

WE write this subsection of 'Gossip' with the quill of a bald EAGLE, who was brought down from his 'pride of place' while

— 'sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure fields of air,'

along the sides of the Sierra Nevada, in far-off California. Its plume is black as night, and its length over two feet. It was brought to 'the States' by our friend, Mr. Osgood, the artist. We have a strange sensation, a sort of 'feel-as-if-we-could-fly' feeling, while writing with it. - - - It seems but yesterday since we received a long and friendly letter from the late BENJAMIN T. COOKE, of Binghamton, in the county of Broome, enclosing his subscription to the KNICKERBOCKER for the ensuing year. We had met him several times, both at the charming place of his residence and in the sanetum, and had learned to esteem him for many virtues, which were palpable in his blameless character. In the letter to which we have alluded, he spoke of the professional pleasure he derived from the announcement of the 'silver types' that were awaiting their impressions for our forth-coming new volume; and he added, after a brief mention of the fact that he was in a decline, from which he had little hope ever to rise: 'I fear, my dear Sir, that I shall be spared to read few more of your pleasant numbers; but the enjoyment will be transferred to my family: so, hoping that you may long live to write, and they to read, I bid you an affectionate farewell!' In a little over two weeks from the date of this note, Mr. COOKE was in his shroud! Alas! how true it is, that 'the world is a great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures; by the going away of those who have just paid their bills, (Nature's last debt,) and the coming of those who will soon have a similar account to settle!' Mr. COOKE filled many important trusts in his much-loved village. He was at one time the coëditor and proprietor of the '*Broome County Republican*,' and the Post-Master of the village, with a brief intermission, from 1841 to the time of his death. Other and important public trusts were also committed to him, all of which he discharged with ability, integrity, and to entire public acceptance. 'Mr. COOKE,' says the '*Binghamton Republican*,' 'possessed a vigorous, practical mind, and estimable social qualities. He was a generous and faithful friend, a liberal and magnanimous opponent. In his business affairs he was indulgent and confiding, almost to a fault, and his word was with him as sacred and binding as his bond. If an 'honest man' be the 'noblest work of God,' the deceased was emphatically entitled to that high appellation.' We offer to the family of the lamented deceased our sincere sympathy with them in their



great bereavement. - - - THE subjoined *Sapphic Ode* will commend itself to all lovers of true poetry. Since CANNING's '*Knife-Grinder*,' nothing more truly sublime has appeared in the literary world:

'Ah! needy knife-grinder, whither are you going?  
Keen blows the night-wind; your hat's got a hole in't,  
So have your breeches!'

Every reader will remember the Sapphic lines commencing, 'When the fierce north-wind rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,' 'or words to that effect;' but we have no hesitation in saying that *that* performance can in no degree *compare* with the subjoined; and this unbiased judgment we leave with the reader. We regard ourselves as fortunate in being made the medium of first presenting this unique specimen to the public. Observe the melody of the last verse but one:

'Stop sinful mortals stop and give attention  
While I relate a melancholy story  
How one man had by a lim his Head broke  
Another burnt up

'The LORD hath spoken and who hath regarded  
The twelvth day of march in the town Pharsalia  
GARRET BROWN went out with his Ax to chopping  
Fearless of danger

'When falling a tree a lim flew and hit him  
And breaking his head destroyed his senses  
And in about thirty hours after  
Life was departed

'Thus was this poor man in an awful manner  
Call'd out of time in to eternity  
Leaving behind him a wife and six children  
Objects of pity

'This Solum warning Be ye also redly  
It seems to appear was so little heeded  
The LORD determin'd to repeat the warning  
Yet still more dreadfull

'The next night after Mr Browns was buried  
A young man in health was busy at labour  
Quite late in night, and all the forenoon after  
Tending a Saw-mill

'Then tired and sleepy he went to his lodging  
Lying down to rest he thought of no danger  
And as he suppos'd complectly in safety  
Quietly Sleeping

'When all but this man from the House was absent  
The House took fire and soon was discovered  
The cry Fire was heard the people came runing  
Too late to quench it

'While friends and neighbours stood aghast with horror  
Awful the sight was to see the House aflaming  
And still more awful and dreadful to think of  
CHARLES ANGEL in it

'Not being presant when the House was burning  
I went the next day while some brands ware smoking  
And vewing the place saw in little fragments  
Bones all to lime burnt

'Solum the thought was far beyond expression  
To think that this was all I ever should see  
Of an acquaintance whome in health I had seen  
A few days before

'Now careless mortals do by this take warning  
And mind the scripture be ye also ready  
For in such an hour as you little think of  
Death may call for you

By DANIEL SMITH

The Editor was requested to 'punctify and corect spelling;' but conceiving



that much of the out-gushing vigor and natural dignity would be lost by such an emasculating process, the request has not been complied with. It is a poem that 'as it stands' can 'be read again and again,' and always with a new admiration! - - - THE remarks which ensue, from the pen of a sound-judging and close-reasoning American *savant*, will commend themselves to all persons possessing true national pride and feeling. It is a gratifying fact, that the 'School of American Design,' at our noble 'Free Academy,' under the competent supervision of Mr. P. P. DUGGAN, (whose important mission abroad, and its valuable uses, we recently mentioned at length in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER,) is educating so many native artists of design; for this school will go far, before long, to supply the desideratum indicated by our correspondent:

'THE Arts of Design, as a distinct matter of education, have been confined to France until within a few years. NAPOLEON consulted the best interests of the empire when he made the arts of design part of the common-school education of France; for even the eye of the French blacksmith became imbued with the grace of the 'line of beauty,' until his sturdy arm, obeying its impulse, forged forms which would have made a Cyclops blush. France warred with half of Europe without creating a heavy national debt; nor have her merchants and bankers ever been forced to a general bankruptcy; and why? Simply because the artisans of the nation held the whole world under contribution for *French designs*. One pound of American flax is returned to us in the form of French laces worth one thousand dollars; more than nine hundred and fifty dollars of which are paid for the design.

'In 1848, upward of one million dollars' worth of French furniture was imported into New-York by its wealthy citizens. Why not use American furniture? Are not our woods more beautiful? Is not our workmanship more durable, and equally good? Yes; but 'the design,' the beautiful and classic patterns of the French furniture, caught the fancy of the purchaser; and France benefited by this importation, into one American city, in a single year, more than it would cost to endow schools of our own to educate our mechanics in the arts of design.

'Within our recollection, England had no schools of design, and the patterns of her porcelain and China-ware were crude copies from the Chinese; a pagoda, a boat with six oars; a mandarin with a large umbrella, and all in 'true blue.' Until the time of WEDGWOOD, the English artisans designed nothing, and copied the French but badly; and many of her Royal Academicians of this day received their first instructions in WEDGWOOD'S school attached to his porcelain manufactory. What parlor, even at this time, contains a handsome piece of furniture, a chandelier, vase, or candelabra, or even a carpet, the pattern of which is not a modification of some French design? Even the waste-paper of France is ground into *papier-maché*, and by the aid of design is sent to ornament the parlors of the princes of other countries. For this, France receives more than the value of the cotton-crop of the United States, and parts with nothing but the labor of her artisans. New patterns of French calices sell in our markets for six times as much as those made here, and simply from the superiority of their designs. In six weeks after their arrival, and sale at nearly one dollar per yard, the manufacturers of New-England are ready to duplicate them at *one shilling*; but then the novelty is over, and the French design has profited France five times the value of the fabric, from its excellence of design alone. And all this is true, not only as relates to the advancement of taste, which renders the drinking-cup of the French cottager a pleasure-giving ornament, but as a question of political economy, and one that is worthy the deliberation of our best statesmen.'

'A SHREWD Yankee,' writes an occasional correspondent, 'residing in one of the interior villages of Connecticut, had heard much speculation and discussion going on among the bar-room orators of a little market-town which he was in the habit of occasionally visiting, touching the advantages that were to accrue to them from a proposed rail-road that was to pass within a short distance of his house. He prudently said nothing, but eagerly listened to the variety of projects discussed, 'cordin' to law,' by which each one was to make his share of 'plunder' from the company; but none of them seemed to reach his own case, until it was mentioned that rail-road companies were liable to particularly heavy charges whenever they were obliged to invade the sanctity of a grave-yard. A bright idea immediately struck him; and, hastening home, he seized a shovel and

pick-axe, and quickly transplanted the mortal remains of his wife, which were quietly reposing upon a neighboring hill-side, hopelessly out of the reach of any possible rail-road disturbance, to the very centre of the line of stakes running through his meadow; and, rejoicing in his 'cuteness, he quietly waited to reap the fruits of this new species of culture. But a rather different result occurred from that which he had anticipated; for the parents of a lady whom he was about to make the successor of his first wife, got wind of the affair, and forbade him all farther intercourse with their family.' - - - Our friend DEMPSTER, the admirable Scottish vocalist, has set to very beautiful music '*The Maid of Dee*,' from the tale mentioned in '*Alton Locke*,' of a girl who, in bringing her father's cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and found next day a corpse, hanging among the stake-nets far below. To our conception, it is very striking and picturesque:

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.  
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

'The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see:  
The blinding mist came down, and hid the land,  
And never home came she!

'Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
Among the stakes on Dee!

'They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea:  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.'

A CORRESPONDENT in D—— county, Ohio, relates the following incident as occurring in a village-church in his neighborhood: 'At the close of the service, last Sunday, the following announcements were made, with due solemnity, by one of the fathers: 'Prayer-meeting at Brother Wood's next Thursday evening; also, a 'shooting-match' at Brother RAHN's on Christmas. We hope the lovers of the good cause, and good venison, will turn out generally on both occasions. With respect to the latter, we may remark: Brother RAHN is a worthy man, though poor, and any assistance in this way will be thankfully received.' An actual fact, without the slightest exaggeration.' - - - THERE is a solemn thought in this passage of a letter left behind her by the lady of a British officer, who in a moment of 'earthly despondency' laid violent hands upon her life: 'In another world I am convinced I shall enjoy great happiness, and see all things *gradually* as they *really are*. Knowledge I have ever sought to acquire. How glorious it will be to be able to grasp it in all its ramifications in an *eternal* hereafter! Half the dull, plodding, senseless people of earth never think on, much less can they comprehend, what is meant by God, Heaven, and Eternity.' - - - THE editor and proprietor of '*The Albion*' weekly journal has presented his subscribers with a large and very superior steel-engraving, representing '*Columbus Propounding his Theory of a New World*.' What '*The Albion*' presents in this kind may always be assumed to be of no common excellence, and invariably in unexceptionable good taste. - - - WAL, 'de nex' ting on de peppergramme,' as 'JULIUS' CHRISTY would say, is the following conundrum; and, reader, in the words of that inimitable 'darkey,' we ask you to 'propel, and fro' you' se'f upon de subjee' ob 'lucidatin' de same: 'Had St. PETER lived before the Deluge, and been present at the escape from Sodom, would he, like the over-curious Mrs. LOR, have looked back? And s'posin' he *had* looked back, would he have been changed into a pillar of salt, or salt-PETER? And if the latter, would he have exploded?' 'E'yah! e'yah! dat's what we want to know!' - - - SINCE the

occurrence of recent events in France, many 'odorous' comparisons have been instituted between NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and LOUIS NAPOLEON, not greatly to the advantage of the latter. A poetical correspondent dwells upon the career of the 'Great Captain,' and draws some rather strong inferences as to what would have been the result, could he have escaped from his island-prison. We have space but for this stanza:

'Oh! could NAPOLEON have bu'st the chain  
That bound him to his prison,  
He'd ha' scared the nations once again  
With that eagle-eye o' his'n!'

Isn't this one stanza about enough? - - - *'I sigh for the Scenes my Boyhood Knew,'* is the title of a song which, from to-day forth, will have less effect upon us than formerly: and this is the reason why. In passing up Broadway this cold winter afternoon, we stepped into the studio of Mr. F. B. CARPENTER, (Number 607, Broadway,) a young 'county-man' of ours; and after examining some very striking portraits of his, strong in delineation, faithful in coloring, and exceedingly well-handled, (especially a 'screeching likeness' of Mr. DAVID LEAVITT, Sen., of Brooklyn,) we were requested to sit for a moment longer, and were informed that we should 'see what we should see.' A landscape was placed upon an easel, under a good light. 'Do you recognize that scene?' asked Mr. CARPENTER: 'do you know it?' 'Know it!' we exclaimed; 'KNOW it!' Why, that is one of the sweetest scenes 'our boyhood knew!' Those swelling hills, blending so gracefully together; that verdant plain, stretching *homeward*, at so little distance; the white dwellings, gleaming amidst the verdure of that soft valley; ah! *these* are what 'OLLAPOD' saw from the same point of view, and which he describes so graphically in '*Ollapodiana*.' And how faithful, how artistical, how DURAND and KENSSET-like, are the simple features of that scene! In looking at it, and going back to 'days that were,' we thought, with TENNYSON:

'O, would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!'

But after all, it is only a very quiet, natural picture (by THAYER, another 'county' man, like ELLIOTT) of a simple, natural scene; yet it stamps the artist as a landscape-painter of keen perception, true feeling, and most felicitous touch; and, as DOGBERRY says, 'it'll go nigh to be *thought so*, shortly,' or else we have jeopardized 'our guess.' We knew Mr. THAYER, by repute, as an excellent portrait-painter, but his landscape surprises us even more than it delights us. And those who may visit the sanctum hereafter, will confirm our judgment. - - - THE following veritable epitaph should have been 'embalmed for posterity' in company with the exalted specimens of tomb-stone literature which appeared in our last number:

'This child, who perished by the fire,  
Her christen-name it was SOPHIA;  
Also her sister, MARY-ANN:  
Their father was a clever man!'

Yankee 'clever,' we suppose. - - - WE have a communication from the Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, author of '*Alban*,' repelling, as 'shocking' to himself, certain inferences drawn from the work by a correspondent, in these pages. In all such matters, our motto is, '*Audi alteram partem*;' and Mr. HUNTINGTON may avail himself of the implied privilege, should he so elect. - - - WE misconceived the purpose of the Boston publication, illustrating the '*Western Wilds and Uncultivated Wastes of our Country*,' so faithfully delineated by our friend, Mr. GEORGE HARVEY. The pamphlets were intended to accompany the large illustrations,

which were exhibited by means of an optical apparatus and Drummond lime-light, which Mr. HARVEY employed in his lectures upon this country in Great Britain. They are numerous; were painted expressly for the purpose, partly by Mr. HARVEY himself, and partly by some of the best English artists; and are of a high order of merit. By the aid of these illustrations, and the descriptions to which we have alluded, it strikes us that a travelling exhibition, in the different towns of the United States, might be rendered very attractive and profitable. In the right hands, it could not *fail* to be so. - - - 'Pray, may I ask,' said an English bibliophile of distinction, at an agreeable party where we had the pleasure to meet him the other evening, 'may I ask, whether in America the law-matrimonial entitles a man to marry the cousin of his widow?' 'Oh, yes,' answered a legal gentleman of eminence, who was present, 'that is admissible; but there has been some doubt in our courts as to the propriety of a man's marrying the sister of his deceased *wife*.' 'Oh, ay,' replied his querist: 'In England, it is somewhat different. *There* it has been, and is still held, that no man can marry the cousin of his widow, because, before he *has* a widow, he must die himself!' The 'catch' was adroitly plied, and, when exposed, created roars of laughter. The recently-agitated question touching incidentally the marrying of a wife's sister, was what diverted the reflection of the guests. - - - We laughed 'somedele' at this illustration, by a friend, of '*The Uncertainty of the Law*:' 'An acquaintance of mine,' said he, 'some years since, kept a fashionable watch-maker's establishment in Broadway, and considered his store-fastenings so secure, that he used to leave his customers' watches, brought to him for repair, hanging in the window. The store was in a very public place, and adjoining a large hotel, so that he thought it impossible that it could ever be robbed. One night, however, when the cold and sleet, added to the darkness, gave house-breakers an extra chance, they *did* enter his store, and stole eleven of his customers' watches, and, among others, the watch of his lawyer. The next day he apprised the customers of their loss, and advised with his lawyer as to the probability of his being liable for the value of the watches. The lawyer replied: 'If any of them sue you, come to me; but don't let any one know that any *other* one has sued you.' The watch-maker took his lawyer's advice: he refused to pay for the stolen watches, and each customer in turn sued him. His lawyer defended him; and as each customer was not aware of any *other* one having sued the watch-maker, they each brought their actions in the wrong way, and all alike. The lawyer succeeded in freeing his client from all these suits. A few months afterward, the watch-maker met me in the street, and seemed much excited. He commenced berating his lawyer soundly, as 'tricky' and 'untrustworthy.' 'What has he done?' said I. 'Why, you recollect those eleven watches that were stolen from my window?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I do; but I heard that your lawyer had beaten them all, and saved you from loss.' 'So he *did* with ten of them, but one was *his* watch; and after he had beaten the rest, he came to me, and said I must pay him for *his* watch. I told him he had beaten the other ten, and of course could not recover against me. '*Can't* I?' said he. 'We'll see about that!' So off he went, and, sued me, and I had to get another lawyer; and hang me! if he didn't get a judgment, and yesterday I had to pay it!' 'Well,' said I, 'which of the lawyers do you intend to employ for the future?' 'Why, you don't think I will ever employ E—— again, do you?' 'You had *better* employ him,' said I; 'for he evidently knew how to take good care of *your* affairs, and he seems to understand *his own*,

too!' - - - A CITY-BARD wants to give 'Old TEMPUS' some good advice through our pages. He says TIME is no longer a 'fast' man; that the telegraphs beat him, and COLLINS' steamers are 'gaining on him.' But he says:

'YET, old TEMPUS! don't give up,  
But try 'em on some other tack;  
Show 'em they can ne'er live up  
To you upon a rail-road track.

'From your wings pull out the feathers,  
Doff your jacket—cut your hair;  
Take all the patent-office gathers,  
And my word, you'll soon be there!'

'I wish I owned an interest in that dog of yours,' said a neighbor in our hearing the other day, to another neighbor, whose dog would dart toward the legs of any one with whom he might be talking, and then 'back up again,' and look up in his master's face, as much as to say, 'Shall I pitch into him?—shall I give him a nip on the leg?' 'An interest in my dog!' said his master; 'what could you do with it?' 'Why,' replied the other, 'I'd shoot *my half* within the next five minutes!'

'Now comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The Storm-Wind, from Labrador,  
The Wind Euroclydon—  
THE STORM-WIND!'

'Ay; *doesn't* it come, though!' exclaims 'Young KNICK,' as he looks out upon the blinding, driving snow, weaving its 'frolic architecture' in curling capitals, in all forms of grace, over the eaves of every house in the street; the street, that terminates in cloudy gloom at either end, like the bridge in the 'Vision of MIRZA!' What a day it is—this eighteenth of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two! And what a carnival there will be in Broadway to-morrow, when, muffled to the ears, we peregrinate down-town to the printing-office with this 'Gossip' in the capacious pocket of our 'dread-naught!' Now comes back the memory of 'old days' in the country! We've been engaged for half an hour in drawing wood into the old homestead-mansion, on a hand-sled, and setting it up end-wise in the corner of the great generous fire-place, whose wide jambs seem to open, even now, their hospitable arms to welcome us. There is the big two-bushel corn-basket of chips, too, that 'OLLAPOD' and 'Old KNICK,' with twin-faces and twin-mittens, have dugged from the vast snow-'placers' of the mountainous Onondaga region. That wood and those chips—sweet-maple and sweeter birch, and beech, and bass-wood—will furnish melted snow for a saccharine ice-cream dessert, when the 'Spitzenberg' and 'Seek-no-furders' and 'Greenin' apples are warm in that willow-basket, and the sweet cider is 'right,' in that blue pitcher. And after a sound night's sleep, we shall rise by candle-light, in the morning, and *then* you will see what that wood was brought in for! The 'log' has been placed; the 'back-log' has surmounted it; the 'top-stick' crowns the apex; the 'fore-stick' rests against the 'and-irons;' and the intermediate 'cob-house' of timber, fired by the faithful 'kindling-wood,' is all a-blaze, and roaring up the chimney. You've *lost* something, if you have n't seen a scene like this, reader; but you can't recover your loss by 'advertising' in the New-York papers; potent as that method is, in *other* cases. Friends, it is a great thing, at some period of your life, to have lived in the country. - - - THE recent death of Dr. T. OLCOCK PORTER, an elder brother of WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., editor of 'The Spirit of the Times' weekly journal, was an event as unexpected as it is universally lamented. No man, recently deceased in this community, left so many warm and admiring

friends. Accomplished as a scholar; as a gentleman, of the most winning manners; as a man, universally beloved for the kindness and gentleness of his heart; as a steadfast friend; as all these, our late friend was loved and is now mourned by all who ever knew him. From a just and eloquent tribute to his memory by WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT, Esq., in the 'Spirit of the Times,' we segregate a single passage, which vividly portrays the character of the lamented deceased:

'DR. PORTER was a man who might have been great by the exertion and display of his talents, which were of a high order, but that he was one who preferred being loved to being admired; who was born to be the idol of a circle, rather than the wonder of a sphere. His reading was varied and extensive; and, particularly in the ancient English authors, he was an elegant and finished scholar; an excellent classic, a thorough and judicious historian; his criticism, for which his independence, clearness of perception, and candor, rarely qualified him, was of the highest order; and we can say sincerely that there were few men living to whose judgment we would more readily resign our own, as to the merits or defects of a new book, a new actor, or a new drama, nor any by whom we should have been more proud to be praised, than he whom we now deplore. The characteristics of his intellectual abilities were elegance, ease, and polish, clear judgment, fine taste, and high appreciation of all that is beautiful and true, in letters, art, and science. Of his moral qualities the most remarkable were, that regular benignity, which was written on his fine face by the hand of God, as if by the fingers of man in a book; that perfect truthfulness, candor, affection to his friends, and charity—in its most extended sense—toward all mankind, which literally caused every one who knew him to love him, and which will call tears from many an eye unused to weep, and awaken regrets in many a far-distant heart.'

It is a most gratifying fact, that Dr. PORTER's relatives and friends may still have the satisfaction of looking upon a 'counterfeit-presentment' of their deceased friend. ELLIOTT, the eminent American artist, had almost entirely completed a portrait of him, for which he sat, for the last time, not four days previous to the sudden illness which terminated in his death. It is an exceedingly faithful and effective likeness: but *that* of course. - - - KOSSUTH is an orator, and parts of his speeches are always striking, and in good taste. But we *don't* see how he is going into battle with that lock of WASHINGTON's hair on the top of a flag-staff. He can't put it there so that it will look well, 'any way he can fix it.' We've pondered upon the subject a great deal, and we really don't see how it can be done. - - - We like the idea of the '*Clerk's Journal*,' and we like the clever manner in which it is conducted. It *deserves* success, and should *command* it. The clerks of New-York are, as a class, a fine set of intelligent young men; and they should support their very handsome and interesting journal with liberality. - - - MR. MCCONNELL's new work is in the press of SCRIBNER, and will appear in the spring. It will describe, by a representative of each, the classes, in their order, who have successively 'left their mark' in developing the civilization of the great West and South; combining their prominent characteristics, and tracing their influence upon the present aspect of western society. From the eminent ability of the author, we anticipate a work of rare interest and value. - - - MESSRS. GEORGE H. DERBY AND COMPANY, of Buffalo, who have become eminent for the publication of very many valuable school-library books, have in press a charming volume by Miss MITTA VICTORIA FULLER, with the pretty and simple title, '*Fresh Leaves from Western Woods*!' We speak advisedly, having seen a portion of the beautifully-printed sheets. It will soon be published. - - - We postpone no less than six pages of 'Gossip,' including many things we had 'set our heart upon,' until the next number. Favors, in prose and verse, from old and new contributors, now in type, await insertion; and a number of brief literary notices of new publications are also among the deferred material. But there's a 'good time coming' for all. We have a *new audience* of some six thousand, and we do not intend that they shall be disappointed in us. We shall take care to reciprocate this unexampled favor of the public.